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A HUSBAND'S CROWN

Our autocrat had changed since we first described him. He stooped a little. The grey pyramid of hair had grown limp and inclined to topple forward. The double-chin was fast fading away; and the white tuft thereon pined in vain for the caresses of its owner. Even the aldermanic corporation exhibited symptoms of a disloyal intention to follow the example of the double-chin.

The fox was gnawing at the vitals of the Spartan.

"Come! we are getting miserably quiet," said Mr. Davenport, at length, after a mournful attempt to be sprightly. "Miss Raymond, I have not yet had the pleasure of hearing you play. It would be a charity to give us a little music to enliven this Quakers' meeting. I am sure you must think we are very dull folks here."

Kate never felt more disinclined to touch the piano. But, in her position, to hear was to obey. She rattled off a few brilliant trifles, and then the charm of the instrument she loved asserted its power over her. She played, with exquisite expression, some selections from Mozart's divine compositions.

Mr. Van Blarcom had risen and placed himself beside the piano, looking down upon her with the same strange, new light in his eyes that had caused her to shrink from his glance at table.

"May we beg for a song?" he inquired presently, in what was a very gentle tone for him.

Without replying, she struck a few melodious chords, and sang, in a sweet, pathetic voice—that went at once to the hearts of her listeners, the following simple verses:—

My parting kiss abide with thee,
For dearly do I treasure thine,
And guard it—ah! as faithfully
As thou wilt lovingly guard mine.
So when we meet—though parted now—
I'll give thee back thy kiss once more,
Unsullied and untouched; while thou
Mine own shalt then again restore.

My parting kiss abide with thee,
And from it Hope shall forge a bond
To link our hearts more tenderly,
To keep each cherished memory fond.
The night must wane, and morn unfold
Her beams in yet a little while,
And patient love will then behold
The kiss redeemed with tear and smile.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed everybody in a breath.

"You are indeed a charming acquisition to our circle, Miss Raymond," added Mr. Davenport.

He was grateful to the fair singer. The soft strains had soothed him. He was conscious that the skeletons had retreated to a respectful distance—behind the window drapery, most likely. But they still crept peeping out from among the shadows and grinning hideously.

By-and-bye Mr. Van Blarcom strolled out to smoke a cigar on the lawn, and Mr. Davenport, with his secretary, retired to the library to look over some correspondence. The two girls were thus left to their own society.

"Edith," inquired the other, "you have had such a room prepared as close as possible to the apartments of Mr. Checketts?"

"Yes, dear. You will be exactly opposite them."

"And no one can pass in or out without my hearing?"

"I think not—that is, when you are awake."

"I shall be awake."

"Do you not like that man?"

"No," answered Kate, decidedly; "I do not."

"And—and Mr. Van Blarcom?"

"Still less. He inspires me with a feeling I can hardly describe, unless I call it fear."

"I thought he seemed to admire you. I never saw him more agreeable to a lady before—not even me. But I am not jealous," smiled Edith.

"I would far sooner have his indifference than his admiration," exclaimed Kate, warmly. "I may be prejudiced; but I never beheld a man whom I disliked more on a first acquaintance. Oh, Edith, what a difference there is between him and Reginald!"

"Ah!" ejaculated Edith, with a kind of gasp.

"Women always have drawn and always will draw comparisons; it is in their nature. And our two heroines (we boast two, you see), being but women after all, contrived to dissect the moral, intellectual, and physical characteristics of the two gentlemen with considerable ingenuity, very much—need it be said?—to the disadvantage of Mr. Van Blarcom. As the sisters retired to rest that evening, Edith pointed to a door at the end of a corridor—

"That," she whispered, "leads by a flight of steps to the terrace. It is but rarely used. I have with me the bolts, so when we you wish you have only to turn the key and you may find yourself outside. You said you would require unrestricted egress and ingress, and I bethought myself of that door. It is not far from your own room either, you notice."

Alone, Kate was in no hurry to get to bed. She extinguished her light, and, taking a chair, seated herself close by the door. In a little while she heard a step, and, peeping through the keyhole, observed Mr. Checketts enter the room facing hers. Presently her quick ear caught another step, and this time the field of vision offered by the keyhole contained the form of Mr. Van Blarcom. She knew his chamber was on the next floor, and she expected to see him mount the other flight; but he did not. He went straight to the door of the secretary's apartments, turned the handle, and walked in.

As he did so she saw Mr. Checketts inside advance to meet him, and for one brief second beheld his face. There was a grin of familiarity upon it, and he had his finger on his lips as though to intimate caution.

The two men remained closeted together for three-quarters of an hour. Kate timed them by her watch.

"It's very strange," she pondered; "Bing must know of this the first thing in the morning. I think we are on the track."

Her heart was palpitating with excitement and her brain reviewing the curious circumstance in a hundred lights long after Mr. Van Blarcom and Mr. Checketts were sunk in the land of dreams.

CHAPTER VII.

Shell-like ears have often brought murmurs from the ocean of conspiracy.

"I see how the land lies now," said Bing, rubbing his hands with great satisfaction. "We shall have Mr. Lawrence out in a day or two, and the old gentleman on his knees."

Kate had met the detective by appointment in a sequestered spot near Davenport Lodge, and recounted her experiences of the previous night.

"Do you really think Mr. Van Blarcom is implicated in this infamous crime?" she asked.

"Think!" exclaimed Bing. "Look at his motives. By the disinheritance of your husband, madam, Mr. Van Blarcom proposed wife would undoubtedly succeed to three or four times the amount of property than she would do otherwise; and from what I can learn of him he never was over-scrupulous about the means he adopted to attain an end."

Kate shuddered.

"He must be a black-hearted wretch," she said.

"He is. If rumor may be credited at all his past career is deeply stained with bad actions. Not such as would put him easily within the grip of the law; but wicked, selfish, cruel injuries done to the weak and innocent. This time he has plunged into deeper water. But there is a hook being prepared to fish him out. Oh! we'll land him safely enough."

"Do you believe that he stole the check, and committed the forgery?"

"No; he is too crafty for that. Some one else pulled that excessively hot chestnut out of the fire for him."

"You mean the secretary?"

"I do. Mr. Checketts is not unknown to me. Directly I saw that he was in the swim I knew in what quarter to hunt. Years ago, under another name, that most respectable-looking party was kept at the State's expense."

"What do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon, madam. I should have said he underwent a term of imprisonment at Sing Sing, for imitating too closely the bonds of a railway company."

"Then he is a convict—a criminal?"

"Rank. Mr. Davenport has had a nice lot in his house for some time. The only wonder to me is that trouble did not fall upon the family sooner. The rascals were biding their opportunity, I suppose. However, we shall have them all right before much harm is done."

"I shall always feel very, very strongly how much is owing to your skill and sagacity," said Kate, holding forth her hand with a spontaneous movement of gratitude.

Bing touched the tips of the fair fingers respectfully for a moment.

"A little," he said, "may possibly be due to my long experience in tracking the course of evil men. But the palm of victory will be yours, madam, and not mine. The clearness of head and inflexibility of purpose you display under circumstances that might well cause your utter prostration will be the prime reasons of our success. The difficulties of the task imposed by your devotion are not yet over; but I feel convinced that you are equal to them all. Madam, a delicate piece of work still lies before you."

"Tell me; I shall not shrink from it."

"You must be a listener to one of the 'confabs' between Van Blarcom, and Checketts."

"I must—I must! I will watch for an occasion. But I do not see how just now. Let me think."

"I believe I can put you in the way of doing so. While you have been engaged inside the enemy's camp I have not been idle on the outskirts. In fact I have made a discovery, in doing which I was very nearly discovered myself. But not quite—not quite. Yesterday afternoon I climbed the wall and sneaked about the grounds of Davenport Lodge, in hopes of some interesting trifle turning up; and it did."

"What was it?"

"Well, I nearly came face to face with our two gentlemen in earnest discussion; and if they had not been greatly absorbed, and I extremely nimble in dodging behind a friendly tree, I should have found myself in a pretty pickle. As it was, a slight sound or a shadow disturbed them, for they stopped short and looked round suspiciously. Then I heard Mr. Van Blarcom say, 'We are getting imprudent, Checketts; some of the servants may be prowling about. Let us walk round to the haunted bower; it is quiet enough there.' They strolled down a by-path, where I dared not follow, so I made tracks and got off the grounds forthwith. Trespassers might be prosecuted, you know."

"—but do you gather from the adventure?"

"I gather that when Van Blarcom and his satellite take a turn in the garden before dinner, to sharpen their appetites, they generally make for the haunted bower. Do you happen to know the exact situation of that arbor?"

"I do not, but I will soon find out."

"I would, by all means. And you must contrive to be there on the occasion of their next visit to the bower in question. I should recommend you to take careful bearings of the place, and decide beforehand how you may best secrete yourself so as to hear what passes without being observed. Recollect, you don't want to see, only to hear."

"It shall be done. If they go there again I shall not be absent."

When the interview terminated, Bing looked after the retiring form of Kate with admiration in his eyes.

"By Jupiter!" he soliloquized. "That woman is worth a thousand of the ordinary kind. She'll run those two scoundrels to earth as surely as my name's Bing. Young Davenport may think himself mighty fortunate in having such a clever, plucky little champion for a wife. He ought to be fond of her, for she deserves it—by Jupiter, she does!"

While Mr. Bing was thus emphasising his honest admiration of Kate, Mr. Van Blarcom was dwelling upon the same theme in a totally different spirit. For the first time in his selfish and sensual existence a gleam of genuine passion had shot through the dark recesses of his heart. We shrink from calling it love, and yet by what other name shall we define it? Fain would we believe that love can take no root in natures so impure and unworthy—that the fair influence from the only atmosphere in which it can flourish. Alas! history in the past and facts in the present forbid us from cherishing that comforting delusion. Ere now it has been the fate of evil men to love with a consuming fervor that, by-and-by, grew into intolerable agony from its very hopelessness. There is no peace, no beauty, no gentle influence in such a love. Ofttimes it is fraught with painful, and not unfrequently with terrible consequences. For as the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, so does powerful love, surging in the breast of a bad man, become a fierce and violent sentiment even in its tenderest aspect.

"If that girl were only Edith," he reflected, as he paced his chamber. "But what is the use of 'iffing'? The daughter of the millionaire will have to become Mrs. Van Blarcom—there is no mistake about that. I have worked hard for the golden prize, and I don't mean to lose it for less substantial considerations, however agreeable tempting. Strange, though, that I have never felt so intensely smitten by a woman before I met Miss Raymond! Kate, I shall call her—hang it all, why shouldn't I? Charming, darling little Kate! Now, if I belonged to one of the numerous orders of moral nincompoops, vulgarly comprehended under the term 'flats,' I should dismiss the thought of this beautiful creature from my head, and determine to be the faithful line of extreme respectability. But as I am fortunately free from most of the prejudices of my race and time—in advance of my age, I may say—I decline to surrender any chance, however distant, of adding to my earthly bliss. To arouse in Kate a feeling akin to affection, or even to get her in some fashion under my thumb, would be a triumph the thrill of which I seem to taste by anticipation. Of course there are some mighty barriers in the way of this desirable consummation; but barriers are things I rather like to tackle than otherwise. I understand how to handle them. Those I cannot pull down I undermine and blow up. When my ideas on the subject are more ripe I will broach them delicately to Checketts. He is an intelligent instrument, not without a certain originality of suggestion, which I have sometimes found useful."

That very afternoon Mr. Van Blarcom and the secretary encountered one another in the garden.

"How do?—warm day," said the former, nodding slightly, but without interrupting his stroll.

"Very warm, Mr. Van Blarcom," replied Checketts, as he acknowledged the salutation with a respectful bow, and passed on his way.

Hard by the gardener was trimming a grass border, and, of course, heard these brief remarks interchanged.

"He's mighty high and haughty, is Mr. Van Blarcom," the man thought, as he plied his shears. "But, lord! we're all alike." (Click, click.) "Pride's natural to human beings, I suppose—I've got a lot o' it myself, I know." (Click, click.) "Mr. Van Blarcom looks down on the secretary"—(click, click)—"and the secretary looks down on the likes of me"—(click, click)—"and I loops down on somebody else"—(click, click)—"and death looks down on he whole shoot of us, and makes us all smooth and level—one as big as another—just like I'm cutting this here clover." (Click, click.)

But if the philosophical gardener had been at the other extremity of the grounds a quarter of an hour later he would have been astonished to see the "haughty" baronet's arm linked familiarly in that of the secretary's, from whose face all expression of humility had disappeared.

"We will finish our cigars in the haunted bower," Checketts observed. "Few people but ourselves care to penetrate its convenient shade."

"It is a gloomy hole," remarked the other; "always gives me a touch of the horrors. If I were superstitious I should be in deadly fear of seeing the celebrated ghost. By the way, do you know the exact story?"

"Only the outline. Some ten years before Davenport purchased the property a jealous husband shot his wife through the heart in this very spot, whither he had tracked her with her lover. Don Juan managed to escape, and the husband disappeared, probably in pursuit. Neither of them have ever been heard of since, so perhaps they succeeded in wiping one another effectively from the face of the earth. The spirit of the murdered lady is said to hover perpetually in and around the bower, and I never heard that anyone was very anxious to dispute her right of undivided possession until we took a fancy for fumigating the place with the fragrant weed."

"I wonder Davenport has not had it cut down long ago."

"I don't. He is in no way nervous about ghosts."

By this time the two men had entered the arbor.

It was a small, leafy bower at the end of a short zigzag grove of trees, situated in a rather neglected and weedy corner which Dibble, the gardener, never visited more than he could help. The interior of the arbor contained a worm-eaten, rustic bench, and an oak table of the same design, half-covered with moss. A chill and earthy air pervaded the place, even on that warm June day, and Mr. Van Blarcom gave a perceptible shudder as he stepped inside.

"Ugh! it's like walking into a tomb," he said.

"As silent and as safe," replied Checketts. "A man may open his mouth here without talking in parables. Is there any danger of old Davenport withdrawing from the prosecution?"

"None whatever. I spoke to him on the subject this morning, and, growing virtuously indignant, told him imperiously it was his duty to act upon which he closed up his obstinate back, as I knew he would do, and informed me that I might just as well avoid wasting my breath. He cut the conversation short by leaving the room and banging the door."

"The old fool will break up when it is all over. I see signs of it already."

"So much the better for us. We shall reap our harvest all the sooner. The probability of his speedy decease entered into our calculations, I believe."

"I have been thinking," said Checketts, slowly, "that in case anything unforseen should turn up at the trial, or otherwise, it would be as well to dispose of all evidences that might confirm any possible suspicions against ours elves. Lawrence is defended by Bellerbloy, you remember; and Bellerbloy is a devil at cross-examination."

"To what evidences do you refer?"

"In the the first place, I have the key of the safe still in my possession."

"Idiot! I thought you had flung it into the North River."

"There was no hurry. But I'll hand it over to you, and you can dispose of it yourself—my time is more occupied than yours. Then there are a few memoranda relating to the roundabout way by which we got the check cashed at Montreal; the acknowledgment that you owe me a large sum of money, payable on certain contingencies, and, finally, a document held by you which would compromise my fair fame should it fall into other hands."

"You mean the draft you once forged upon my own bankers?"

"I do. That error occured a long time ago, since which we have learned to understand one another. There should be no sore feeling upon that point, Mr. Van Blarcom. The boat we are in at present is so heavily freighted that every bit of useless lumber must be thrown overboard. For once in our lives, at least, we must trust to the principles of mutual honor and good-faith. The papers must be destroyed, one and all, and the key must be buried beneath the North River mud."

"I agree with you—it must be done. I am going to New York to-day, immediately after dinner, and shall not return until to-morrow evening. Then I will pay you a late visit in your rooms, where you will wait up for me, as usual; and we will together burn the whole proofs of any connection between us. As to the key, I will get rid of it effectually."

"So be it. I shall breathe more freely afterwards. One never knows what may happen as long as one is under the shadow of a police-court. It is well to reduce all risks to a minimum. Dear me! Why, Mr. Van Blarcom, what on earth is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

The face of the man he spoke to had suddenly assumed a deadly paleness—great drops of perspiration sprang from his forehead, his teeth chattered, and his knees shook under him.

"Look!" he whispered, as he raised a trembling finger and pointed to the further extremity of the haunted bower.

Checketts turned his glance in that direction, and saw a pair of eyes—nothing more. A supernatural pair of eyes, standing forth out of the darkness, alone; and fading away into the gloom immediately. A terrible pair of eyes that regarded him, in that instant, with a flash of awful menace, such as nothing human appeared capable of expressing.

With a faint cry the coward turned and fled; and Mr. Van Blarcom imitated his example in a fashion more vigorous than dignified.

CHAPTER VIII.

Prick the bladder, Pride, and you will find it was Humility, blown out.

On the following day a gentleman, having the air of a foreigner, with a heavy mustache and pointed beard, amused himself by wandering about in the immediate vicinity of Davenport Lodge. He appeared on the scene at about ten in the morning, with a big cigar in his mouth; and he contained to smoke big cigars at intervals until two in the afternoon, near which time he observed Mr. Checketts issue from the gates and stroll leisurely down the road. Then the foreign looking gentleman flung away the remnant of his last weed, and, as soon as Mr. Checketts was out of sight, entered those same gates and walked boldly up the drive to the principal entrance.

Mr. Davenport was in the library, staring into vacancy, when the card of the distinguished foreigner was handed to him.

"Eh!—what? Baron von Schenkle! Who's he? Show him in at once. And, Robert, ask Mr. Checketts to come here."

"Mr. Checketts went out a few minutes ago," said the servant.

"Oh! did he? Well never mind. Show the baron in."

The baron did not require much "showing in"—he was at the door, and entered as the footman passed out.

"I haf come on business of vaire great importance," began the baron, with a bow of patrician grace. "May I schpeak freely, without fear of being overheard?"

"Certainly, baron. We are quite alone at present. My secretary may come in at any moment, however."

"Zen I will take ze small liberty of to turn ze key in ze lock. Dere—so!"

"This!" replied the nobleman, suddenly dropping all attempt at foreign accent—"that you are in deadly peril; and I have come here to apprize you of the fact. I purposely chose the time when your secretary would be absent. My name is not Baron von Schenkle—I am simply Bing, the detective. You may have heard of me before, and no doubt will recollect having seen me."

While he was speaking, he removed the big mustache and pointed beard and put them in his pocket.

"I recognize you!" cried the astonished Davenport. "I remember hearing you give evidence in a celebrated case some time back."

"That is so. The great commercial house of which you are a member was among the many which the swindlers contrived to victimize."

"Well, what is the matter now?"

"Something far more serious. Your whole fortune is in jeopardy—total ruin overhangs your family—your very life is not safe."

The detective spoke in a low, thrilling whisper, as he placed his hand on Davenport's sleeve. The old man turned white to the lips.

"I—not speak in riddles," he faltered. "Explain."

"I am doing so. Mr. Davenport there is a devilish plot, in good working order, against you and all that belongs to you. At this moment you are being made to appear the instrument of your own downfall. When the glory has departed from your name—when your health and energy sink beneath the weight of intolerable grief—when your power and substance pass from your feeble grasp into the hands of one who has labored long and unmiringly to effect that transfer—all the world will profess to see nothing but retributive justice descending upon a wicked son and a vindictive father."

"Sir!" was all that came from Davenport's blue lips.

"Don't try and work yourself into a passion with me, Mr. Davenport; but pay the same earnest attention to my words that you would to those of your physician or lawyer. I am a professional thief-taker, and you are not; therefore you must profess to understand my business better than I do. Your son is just as innocent of the crime with which he is charged as is the first stranger you might encounter in the streets. He is absolutely and entirely ignorant of the whole thing. I am here to prove this to you beyond the shadow of question, and to put my finger upon the men who are really guilty. Do this you can afford to say 'Thank you.'"

"Prove it then—quick, quick!" said the old man, hoarsely.

Bing smiled.

"Then you actually will be glad to learn that your only son, however much he may have otherwise offended you, is not a vile criminal, staining your name with a disgrace that can never be wiped away?"

"Prove it, Bing. You say you can. Only prove it."

Davenport's tones shook with imploring anguish.

"I will, sir; and if you don't believe me now you will to-morrow morning, when I shall have the extreme satisfaction of seeing the real culprits under arrest. The actual forgery was committed by—"

The detective paused, and Davenport cast eagerly forward, grasping a table.

"John Checketts, otherwise known to the police as Darby Crowe, convict."

The limp pyramid on Davenport's head straightened itself visibly, and pointed heavenward.

"But the instigator and prime mover of the whole abominable affair," continued Bing, with intense deliberation, "was and is—"

"Who?" shouted his excited hearer. "Speak, man, can't you?"

"Hush! not so loud. You disturb my train of thought. I was studying how I might best accommodate the shock to your nerves."

"Never mind my nerves. Who is the other?"

"Your accepted future son-in-law, Mr. Gerald Van Blarcom."

Davenport's mouth dropped ere it could give vent to an exclamation, and he sank voiceless into a chair. It flashed across him that the most renowned detective of the day would "name" no one without terrible reasons.

Bing helped himself to a chair, and sat astride it with his arms folded upon the back.

"That's so, Mr. Davenport," he said. "The chain of evidence against those men is complete. The object of the crime I will make apparent to you. When your son incurred your displeasure by his determination to marry in defiance of your wishes, Van Blarcom (who, by-the-bye, is a bigger scoundrel than you dream of) concocted the forgery s—"

"—junction with Checketts so that the vessels of your anger might be filled to overflowing. You must excuse me, sir, but the conspirators understood your character, and traded upon it. They knew you would never forgive or own Mr. Lawrence again if they could fix upon him the brand of criminality on the top of his other offenses against your will and pleasure in the matter of marriage. They knew you would become utterly bitter and revengeful against him; they knew you would totally disinherit him, and they knew you had but one other child, who would inevitably become your sole heiress. Van Blarcom would be the husband of that heiress. Your speedy disappearance into the land of shadows was cleverly speculated upon, with very likely some latent notion of facilitating that event should it by nature be too long delayed. In short, sir, you and your son were caught in a net of diabolically intricate design from which escape would have been almost impossible, but for—"

"You?" said Davenport, feebly, extending a hand.

"No; not me. I have a further surprise in store for you if you think you can bear it."

"Go on—go on."

"The true saviour of your happiness is that brave lady whom Mr. Lawrence has the honor to call his wife."

The old man rose from his seat, trembling violently.

"Bing, you are playing with me," he said. "I have never seen her; she does not know me."

"Can't help that," replied Bing, coolly. "What I state is the truth. There is a little bit of a mystery about it—quite an innocent one—which I shan't reveal, simply because it is not my place to do so. Mr. Lawrence will be at liberty in a few hours, I hope, and then you will see through it all as clear as crystal, without much telling. This much I only say to prepare you—you may thank Mrs. Davenport for all the peace of mind you will enjoy to the end of your days."

"But, Bing, I cannot understand—"

"You'll get no more out of me about that. Wait patiently until to-morrow, and you will know the secret. The matter that concers us most at present is the best way of arresting our men. Now I happen to know that the precious pair are going to meet late to-night in the secretary's rooms, for the express purpose of destroying some damning proofs of their guilt. It is exactly in that moment I want to collar them—red-handed, as it were—presence of witnesses and all that. Simplifies things so in court. We have all of us our little ambitions—mine is to trap my rats neatly while they are nibbling the cheese, not after they have run away with a bit in their mouths. I have a reputation to sustain, Mr. Davenport. Folks call me 'Catch 'em alive, O!' and I am proud of the title."

"Whatever witnesses are present, I will be one of them."

"Of course you will. That is precisely the proof I came here prepared to offer you—the direct evidence of your own senses."

"And who else is to be present?"

"As many as the room will accommodate without danger of discovery. Say four altogether. Myself and one of my men; you and—let me see—Lieutenant Gwynne."

"Do you know young Gwynne? I scarcely think he is available."

"Oh! isn't he? Waiting like a raging lion to get at whoever injured his friend. Trust me; I'll arrange all that. And now listen. When that Checketts returns, just you pack him off again for a few hours on some errand or other, and I will step round in the evening, on the quiet, and have a look at those rooms of his. In the meanwhile I think I had better go and get a few men to come in now, and I saw by the turn of an eyelash that he recognised me, I should be compelled to nab him on the spot, and so spoil the most beautiful game I have had on for a long time. He would know me again, I suppose, for he is scarcely likely to forget the man who arrested him for the railway affair, and got him five years' unremunerative employ."

Mr. Bing donned the aristocratic mustache and pointed beard, and then touched the bell.

"Let me be shown out by Plush," he said, "as becomes the rank and dignity of Baron von Schenkle. Look out for me again at eight o'clock. Sairs, I haf zo honor to sink you for ze valuable information you haf given me," he added, as the servant entered the library to conduct him to the hall door.

On the departure of his unexpected visitor Mr. Davenport seated himself at a table and leaned his head upon his two hands. A mighty revolution was taking place within him—a torrent of pent-up emotions was breaking loose and overwhelming him. He was aware that his burning eyes grew wet, that they filled with moisture, that the big drops began to fall pit-pat upon a copy of the day's newspaper whereon his elbows rested. He did not in the least attempt to check the piteous moments. He was simply grateful for the relief it brought him, and wept on.

Grateful! Yes, at last. And for what? Tears! He had never experienced gratitude for his immense financial success, nor for his wonderful good fortune, nor for the birth of his children, nor for the thousand-and-one circumstances that all his life had combined to cover him with triumph and satisfaction as with a mantle.

Such things he had always regarded as the natural outcome of his own splendid ability. But those tears—those rare—those almost impossible tears! The sweet rain of blessed healing to his breaking heart that he had prayed for these days and days past—in the night, when he had rolled his hot and sleepless head upon its pillow, and, like Job, cursed the hour in which he was born—in the morning, when he arose with a weary determination to hide his crushing anguish from the world which would never lift the weight from his soul. Precious tears, tributes of repentance, tokens of a newfound spring of peace and hope! He was grateful for you. What did the old man care that in your crystal mirror he was brought face to face with a fool? He acknowledged the faithfulness of the reflection. He owned, for the first time, that he saw himself as he was—in the grossness of his pride, in the rags of his ambition, in the beggary of his wealth, in the blindness of his wisdom.

All his boasted strength, and power, and self-confidence would not have saved him from falling a prey to the cunning devices of cruel rogues, or from flinging himself over the dark abyss of misery whither they had led him. How wretchedly mean, how unutterably contemptible did he now appear in his own sight. The veriest simpleton upon earth was a Solomon who could sit in judgment over his folly and his sin.

Richard Davenport, millionaire, had been crouching so long in the sackcloth and ashes of self-reproach, that the brine blisters upon the newspaper were dry when a soft hand fell upon his shoulder and a soft voice said to him—

"Papa, I have knocked three times and feared you were ill. See, I have brought you a nice strong cup of tea thinking it might relieve your headache."

He took the cup without turning his face to his daughter, and drained the contents.

"Thank you, dear," he said, presently. "That has done me good. I was very tired."

Then he got up and clasped Edith's hand tenderly in both his own.

"I have been thinking, little one, that if you were really to marry Mr. Van Blarcom you would be utterly miserable and so you shall be free to marry the honest man you choose who has sense enough to love you."

"Oh, papa, dear—good papa! Do you mean it—do you, do you?"

"Yes, yes, my girl. Only you must try and not think me a hard, cruel, naughty papa any more. Will you forgive—pardon me—Edith, for ever seeking to force this match upon you?"

She threw her arms round his neck in a passion of tears and caresses.

"Don't—don't, papa, speak like that. I am so willing to do everything you wish, except become Mr. Van Blarcom's wife. It's very wrong, but I—hate him."

"So do I!" mu

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - MARCH 30, 1888.

ON the night of Good Friday 1865, twenty-three years ago to day, President Lincoln was assassinated in Ford's theatre, Washington, by John Wilkes Booth.

THE Kansas City *Times*, a Democratic paper, thinks that "Ben Harrison will be nominated for the Presidency by the Republican party about the time Bob Ingersoll is made a deacon in the Presbyterian Church."

IN the first District Court at Provo, Utah Territory, on Saturday last, sixteen Mormons were senteuced for living with more than one wife, contrary to the provisions of the Act of Congress, known as the "Edmunds law." Most of them were given six month in the penitentiary and fined $300

UP to date every county in this State in which delegates have been elected to the Democratic State Convention which will meet at Harrisburg on the 23d of May, has instructed them to vote for delegates to the National Convention at St. Louis which will assemble on June 5, who are in favor of Cleveland's renomination.

A CABLE dispatch from Berlin says that the will of the late Emperor of Germany shows that his total savings do not exceed $12,500,000. Considering the lenth of his reign and his exceptional opportunities his moderation is to be commended. As Kings and Emperors go he could hardly be regarded as a man who was always "on the make."

THE sub-committee of the House Committee on the election of President and Vice President has reported favorably to the full committee, the joint resolution offered by Mr. Maish, of this State, proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the United States for the election of the President and Vice President by a direct vote of the people.

THE jury in the long contested Columbus, Ohio, tally sheet case, to which we referred last week, came into court on Friday last and announced that they had failed to agree, adding thereto that there was positively no chance of an agreement being reached. The Judge thereupon discharged them. This and numberless cases of a similar character show that it is almost impossible in this country to convict of a criminal charge politicians of "influoence" or a man of wealth. The times are out of joint.

"JAKE" SHARP, whose conviction on the charge of having corruptly bought several members of the New York Board of Aldermen in 1884, was set aside by the Court of Appeals, is to be tried again. The District Attorney said on Tuesday last: "I intend to move the trial of Jacob Sharp in the court of Oyer and Terminer on Monday next. His counsel have been notified and have in turn notified me that they will move for a change of venue." Jacob is afraid to trust his fate to a jury in a city where he is so well known. If he was an honest man he could stand up fearlessly and defiantly before the whole world. But he is not built that way.

Two State Elections will take place next month. Rhode Island will vote for State officers and members of the Legislature on Wednesday next, and Louisiana will go through the same process on the 17th. The Democrats elected their candidate for Governor in Rhode Island a year ago and think they can do so this year, although the State is Republican. The campaign in Louisiana is exceptionally bitter, the Republican candidate for Governor being Henry C. Warmouth, and his Democratic opponent ex Governor Nicholls. Both are men of ability and while the State is sure to go Democratic in November, local issues may seriously interfere with Nicholls' success.

WILLIAM DORSHEIMER, publisher and editor of the New York *Star*, a leading Democratic paper, died at Savannah, Georgia, on last Monday night, while on a pleasure trip in the South. He was 56 years of age—became a Democrat in 1872 when Horace Greely was the Democratic candidate for President, and in 1874 was elected Lieutenant Governor of New York on the ticket with Samuel J. Tilden for Governor. Mr. Cleveland appointed him United States District Attorney for the Southern district of New York in 1885. He held this position only a few months, resigning to devote his entire time to the *Star* newspaper, of which he assumed the management in the beginning of 1886.

MORRISON R. WAITE, Chief Justice of the United State., died suddenly in Washington, on Saturday last. He was born in Connecticut in 1816 and after his admission to the bar at Maumee City, Ohio, he settled down at Toledo in that State. He was appointed Chief Justice in 1874 by President Grant to succeed Chief Justice Chase who died in 1873. He was not specially distinguished as a lawyer while at the Toledo bar, but he was regarded as an eminently sound, safe and conservative head of the Supreme Court. All who knew him admired him and entertained for him a warm feeling of personal friendship which has caused his death to be universally deplored. He was the seventh incumbent of the office since John Jay, of New York, was first appointed by Washington in 1789. There is a vast amount of speculation afloat in the public press in regard to his successor, who will be appointed by President Cleveland. The dicharge of this duty will be one of the most delicate and responsible acts that the President has been called upon to perform since he entered upon his high office. That he will acquit himself in the emergency in a way that will meet the expectations of the country we do not for a moment doubt.

IN a case before the Supreme Court of the United States last week growing out of the Iowa prohibitory liquor law which forbids any transportation company from carrying liquor into that State unless it shall have been furnished with a certificate of the auditor of the county to which such liquor is to be transported showing that the consignee is legally authorized to sell it, the court in declaring the statute unconstitutional, said: "The power to regulate or forbid the sale of a commodity *after* it has been brought into the State, does not carry with it the right and power to prevent its introduction by transportation from another State." In regard to this decision the Philadelphia *Times* remarks:

The power of a State to pass laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors within its borders has been upheld by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States. But the same court on Monday made another decision that knocks a large hole in the wall that prohibition States like Iowa and Kansas are trying to rear against the liquor traffic. The Iowa statute prohibits a railroad company from carry liquor into that State unless furnished with a certificate from the Auditor of the county to which the consignment is destined, declaring that the cousignee has a right to sell it. The Chicago and Northwestern Railway refused to accept a shipment of 5,000 barrels of beer unless accompanied by the certificate required by law, pleading the statute as justification for the refusal. The case was carried to the Supreme Court, which decides the law unconstitutional, as interfering with the freedom of commerce between the States, and holds the company liable for its refusal to carry the beer. The decision is to the effect that a State has no power to prohibit the importation from another State of any article of commerce. Under this ruling a State may deprive its citizens of home-made stimulants, but cannot prevent their getting drunk on liquor manufactured in another State, if they wish to.

GEN. GEORGE W. CASS, who was so well-known in Western Pennsylvania, and especially in Pittsburg died last week in New York City. He was born in Ohio in 1810 and was a nephew of Lewis Cass, who was the Democratic candidate for President in 1848 against Gen. Zachary Taylor. He was educated in Detroit where his uncle resided and entering the United States Military Academy at West Point he graduated with distinguished honor in 1832. After a few years he resigned from the army and subsequently filled several civil positions of honor and responsibility, making Pittsburg his home. In 1860 he was a very prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination for Governor of this State and was only defeated at the State Convention by Asa Packer by a few votes, one of which was cast by a delegate from an adjoining county to Cambria against the most explicit instructions in favor of Gen. Cass. He was a man of wealth and for many years has lived quietly in New York respected and honored by all who enjoyed his acquaintance.

TOUCHING the appointment of a successor to the late Chief Justice Waite, the Washington City *Capital* says:

President Cleveland will not be in a hurry to fill the vacancy on the Supreme Bench. The present term of the Court has but a few weeks longer to continue, but it could not be expected that the President would make an appointment at Donce. It is not likely that the new Chief Justice will be appointed before midsummer; but it is quite certain that some appointment will be made before Congress adjourns, as the Senate Judiciary Committee formally notified the President in the Lacombe case that its members entertained doubts in regard to the power of the President to make appointments during a recess of the Senate. It is also proper to say that nearly all of the gentlemen whose names were mentioned in the papers yesterday are for one cause or another ineligible. Thurman, Bayard, Phelps, General Palmer, and several others, are out of the question on account of their age. It is also safe to say that the President will not seek to accomplish any political result in filling this position, but that he will select the ablest and most satisfactory man whom he can find for it.

THE great strike of the locomotive engineers and fireman on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, which has now been in existence 28 days, has lost the company up to this time one million and fifty-one thousand dollars, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and fireman three hundred thousand dollars. The number of men who quit work was 1,063 engineers and the same number of fireman. Computing the average pay of the engineers at $4 per day, and that of the fireman at $2 25 per day; the direct loss to the men individually for 24 days amounts to $102,048 for engineers and $57,402 for fireman, or a total of $159 450. Each striker is on the pay roll of the Brotherhood, the amount paid to each man out of the treasury being estimated at the rate of $40 per month.

THE River and Harbor bill was reported to the House at Washington on yesterday. It is the largest bill of the kind ever before reported and aggregates nineteen and a half millions of dollars, which is more than the memorable bill vetoed by President Arthur. It was rushed through the House by the vicious and corrupt system of legislation known as "logrolling." The President has not the Constitutional power, as the Governor of this and some other States has, of approving one or more sections of an appropriation bill and disapproving others, but must either sign the bill as a whole or veto it. The treasury is thus left at the mercy of a well organized combination of Congressional plunderers.

THE amendment to the Constitution reported to the House providing for the election of the United States Senators by the people reads as follows: "The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the legal voters thereof, for six years; and each Senator shall have one vote." It may pass the House, but will never get through the Senate constituted as that body now is. If the people could get a whack at the United States Senate a good many vacancies would be created in the existing list of members.

An Interesting Debate.

In the Senate of the United States on Tuesday of last week, the bill introduced by Mr. Blair, the New Hampshire "Crank," giving preference for civil service appointment (among men who had been disloyal during the war) to those who had served in the Confederate army, and who were suffering from wounds or disabilities, came up on second reading. Several Southern Senators, among them Wade Hampton, of South Carolina, Mr. George, of Mississippi, and Mr. Daniel, the new Senator from Virginia, who succeeds Mahone, spoke in opposition to the bill, for the reason that the South hadn't asked for it and didn't want it. Gen. Hawley, Republican, of Connecticut, also made a few patriotic remarks complimenting Mr. Daniel for his manly and conciliatory speech Below will be found what Mr. Daniel and Gen. Hawley said:

Mr. Daniel said that if the question was States before the Tribunal of Arbitration one of courtesy or of discourtesy to the Senator who had introduced the bill there would be no doubt in his mind as to how he should vote. He felt incapable of offering discourtesy to any Senator, and certainly he should go very far to avoid doing so toward one who had been inspired by such a magnanimous and generous sentiment as that which the Senator from New Hampshire had exhibited. But no public question could ever be bettled by a question of courtesy. The question before the Senate was the propriety of the consideration of the bill. If it had gone to a committee in due course, without vote or comment, no one would have felt that there was anything improper in it; but since a question had been made upon it, that question had to be met; and he trusted that no ex-Confederate of the Senate would dodge that question, although, doubtless his emotion might incline him to do so. If he (Daniel) could with propriety decline to vote on the question he would do so, because, in his judgment, it did not become a Confederate soldier to ask the United States Government for any peculiar right or privilege. The Confederate soldier had boldly laid down the gauntlet of war, and when he came out of the war he had contempt for but two classes of men engaged in it—first, those who made apologies; and second, those who demanded them. Questions of great international strife and great social conflicts never decended to personalities, but were governed by the great philosophies of human existence. He had no doubt that the Senator from Newhampshire had introduced the bill in a spirit of benevolence, kindness and generosity: but it had not been called for by any Confederate, nor had it grown out of the demands of public sentiment. The wise legislation of the world was generally that which had public opinion behind it. There had been no public discussion of this subject. There had been no wide debate about it either North or South. The Senator from New Hampshire had stated that he originated the bill, and he (Daniel) ventured to believe that its origin was entirely confined to the lucubrations of the Senator's own mind. While he had great respect for that Senator, he could not feel that in this instance he (Blair) had acted wisely or in consonance with the public spirit of the country. All that the Confederate soldier asked from the United States was that he should stand equal before its laws and should have a fair opportunity to work out his own salvation. He would venture to say that there was not a town or hamlet from the Potomac to the Rio Grande where a Confederate soldier was to be seen in rags or tatters or begging his bread in its streets. There was not a palace or hut where the Confederate soldier was not always a welcome and honored guest. There was no danger of any honorable and true man, however humble he might be, or however small his fortune, dying on the roadside because no good Samaritan would come by to lend him a helping hand. All that the ex Confederates asked was not special privileges, but to be respected in their rights of American citizenship, which they had assumed knowingly and intentionally, and which they intended to abide by (God helping them) in such a manner that no man could justly lift against them the finger of scorn or apply to them an insulting epithet.

Mr. Hawley expressed himself as personally grateful to the Senator from Virginia (Daniel) for his manly and chivalrous like speech. There had been nothing so disagreeable in connection with the bill as its introduction by the Senator from New Hampshire, and if the bill had been referred to a committee without notice he should not have cared about the question being raised, preferring to wait for the report of the committee. But the point had been made, and there was no proposition in the bill which could not be just as well understood and acted on now as if there were a long report from a committee upon it. He thought that the bill was, fundamentally, a mistake. He not only disclaimed any feeling of hatred toward those who had been Confederates but he would not do anything to bar their progress or to disqualify or dishonor them. The generous and manly Confederate soldier knew as well as any of them that the issue had been joined before the greatest tribunal of the world, on a question involving the very foundations of Republican government: that it had been fought out as great armies of brave men alone could fight: that somebody won; that some fundamental theory of Constitution won, and the result had proved that it was a cause unconstitutional and wicked war. That had been recorded by the surrender at Appomattox. But should he, therefore, act ungenerously toward any person on the other side? God forbid. Should he try to bar his progress? Not at all. Should he object to meeting him in the Senate chamber as his peer? By no means. Did he object to the fellow-citizens of a Confederate soldier loving him because of his gallantry? No. Did any man think less of the State of South Carolina for sending to the Senate two of her gallant Confederate Generals? Not at all. On the contrary, he should be ashamed of South Carolina if she did not remember such men in the days of her restoration. At the same time he would not, by his vote, or without a vigorous protest, permit to be placed on the statue-book anything which would in any degree reward a man for fighting on the Confederate side in the war. He was obliged to the Senator from Virginia (Daniel) he honored him for remembering with gratitude and love the men who fought on his side, and he thanked him for not asking Senators from the North to do that which in his (Hawley's) judgment, if they did, they would be making fools of themselves.

The Chicago *Tribune* has this to say to such papers of its own political faith as the Philadelphia *Press* and Pittsburg *Gazette*, who blather "free trade" at President Cleveland's message and every proposed revision and reduction of tariff taxation:

To say that persons holding these opinions are "free traders" and are trying to subject the country to a system of free trade is abject nonsence.

Ninety-nine Republicans out of every hundred in Chicago and the West are opposed to excessive and needless tariff taxation. They want a few raw materials, such as lumber, salt, coal, wool, and iron ore, to be put upon the free list. But they want these materials to come in free for the purpose of promoting and stimulating our manufactures—not to injure them.

Terrible Work of a Tornado.

CHICAGO, March 26.—A *Times* special from Kansas City, Mo. says: "Word has just been received of the almost utter destruction of the town of Minneseah, Kingman County, Kansas, Saturday evening at 7.30 by a tornado. It had been raining all day, and as evening approached the storm was seen approaching from the southwest. It struck the town and destroyed everything in its path, leaving only three houses standing in the whole place. Two churches five stores and fourteen dwellings were torn to pieces and the flying timbers killed three persons and maimed seventeen others.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of trade at the druz stores of E. James, Ebensburg and W. W. McAteer, Loretto, as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

The Dead Chief Justice.

Although appointed to the Supreme Bench from Ohio, Morrison Remick Waite was of Connecticut birth, having been born at Lyan, Conn., November 29, 1816. He came of a legal family, so to speak, for most of his relatives were lawyers and his father Chief Justice of the State. He was a member of the famous '37 class of Yale College, which numbers in it William M. Evarts and many other men now famous.

Leaving Yale, he studied law in the office of his father, who was at the time a Judge of the Supreme Court of the State, and subsequently Chief Justice. He removed to Maumee City, Ohio, in 1839, and practiced his profession there until 1850. He then removed to Toledo. He served in the lower house of the Ohio Legislature during the sessions of 1849 and 1850.

President Grant chose Mr. Waite along with William M. Evarts and Caleb Cushing as counsel for the United Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva. In this position he acquitted himself very creditably, but without acquiring any marked degree of distinction. At the nineteenth conference of the Tribunal, held on the 8th of August, 1872, he delivered a written argument in reply to a portion of the argument presented by the British counsel. Under date of October, 23, 1872, Hon. Hamilton Fish communicated to Mr. Waite, as one of the counsel at the Geneva arbitration, the President's approval of his course, and his thanks and "high appreciation of the great ability, learning, labor and devotion to the interest, the dignity and the honor of the Nation, which each in his appropriate sphere had made so successfully conducive to the very satisfactory result which had been reached."

Mr. Waite received the degree of LL. D. from Yale College in 1872, and in 1873 was chosen president of the State Constitutional Convention of Ohio. On the 19th of January, 1873, he was, on motion of Caleb Cushing, admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, and exactly one year from that date, without meanwhile holding a brief before it, he was nominated by President Grant to preside over it, holding the position until his death.

Before the House.

The Ways and Means Committee has directed a favorable report to the House of the Mills Bill for reducing taxation. Some concessions were made in the Committee to the beneficiaries of protective duties. Other concessions will be necessary if the bill is to pass. The question is, How far shall the compromise be carried?

To this there can be but one patriotic answer: Whatever compromise is necessary that does not sacrifice utterly the sound Democratic principle of reducing first the taxes that are most burdensome to the greatest number of people.

The main thing is to *stop the surplus*. The continuous collection of $13,000,000 a month in excess of the needs of the Government is not only a monstrous injustice to the people and the prolific source of extravagance and jobbery, but it holds a serious menace to business prosperity.

The surplus must be stopped—with tariff reform if possible, without such reform if necessary.

But the small minority of Democrats whose attitude makes concessions necessary should remember that a compromise involves yielding on both sides. They have no right to ask the great majority to yield more than has already been conceded. They surely cannot expect that majority to yield everything. The country will mark every vote, from whatever party, cast in favor of freeing luxuries and vices from taxation in order to perpetuate a war tariff upon the necessities of the people.—*N. Y. World.*

Not Done Snowing Yet.

DULUTH, Minn., March 27.—Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota are experiencing another severe storm. Over a foot and a half of snow has fallen and and is drifting badly. The St. Paul & Duluth is the only road that has managed to get trains through on time, all the others being from five to thirty hours late. Sunday's Western Express on the Northern Pacific left here last night thirty-one hours behind time. The storm commenced at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon and has been raging ever since. Street cars run with extreme difficulty, and outside work was generally suspended.

ST. PAUL, March 27.—The little town of Revillo, in Grant county, Dak., is completely blocked in. Word has been received from there that the town was absolutely without fuel and that the people were compelled to break up dry-goods and other boxes, and, in some cases, their furniture, to burn in their stoves.

Why? That is the Question.

Tin-plate cannot be made in this country in any quantity sufficient to meet the widespread demand for it.

Then why tax our people $5,000,000 annually for the tin-plate they must have for the thousand articles of domestic use from the workingman's dinner pail to the roof on the taxpayer's house?

Or, why ask people to pay twice $5,000,000 for this tin-plate to the "pauper labor of Europe?" And yet this is the proposition of Mr. Randall in his tariff revision bill.

Is there any sense, justice, morals or political economy in such a proposition? Ought not the American people to be allowed to buy as cheap as possible the products of foreign countries especially when those products cannot be supplied by this country?

No wonder the people are beginning to think for themselves about such tariffs as this tin-plate imposition. —*Philadelphia Evening Call (Rep.)*

THE Kansas newspapers have been delving into the political history of Senator Ingalls since his remarkable speech was delivered in the Senate. The North Topeka *Courier* says he was nominated for Lieutenant Governor in 1864, by a convention which resolved as follows: "That we hereby ratify the nomination of George B. McClellan, of New Jersey, for President, and George H. Pendleton, of Ohio, for Vice President, and pledge them our hearty support. That we hereby ratify and adopt the Chicago platform as understood and construed by General George B. McClellan in his letter accepting the nomination of the Chicago Convention for President of the United States." Mr. Ingalls made his canvass on this platform, and was defeated, receving 8493 votes; his competitor, Hon. James McGrew, receivng 12,694.—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

Brace Up.

You are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with Headache, you are fidgetty, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to brace up. Brace up, but not with stimulants, spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—A man in Richland county, Ohio, climbed a tree 40 feet in pursuit of a coon. He didn't reach the coon, but a limb broke and let him fall to the ground, breaking his jaw and his left arm.

—A woman who saw Napoleon while he was on his retreat from Moscow, died in Chicago the other day at the age of 101 years. Her name was Rachel Loewenberg, and she was a native of Breslau.

—Deer have been so plentiful in the woods of Northern Wisconsin this winter that many of them have been captured alive by the men in the lumber camps, the snow rendering it difficult for them to escape when pursued.

—Miss Minnie Freeman, the Nebraska school teacher who saved her flock in the blizzard by stringing them together, was given a reception at St. Paul, that State, Monday evening, when a silver tea set was presented to her.

—"Public Occurrences" was the name of the first newspaper published in the United States. It was issued September 25, 1690, by Benjamin Pierce, at Boston, appearing but once, it being immediately suppressed by the Government.

—Dr. Crowther, of Baltimore, probably owes his life to his parrot. The cries of the bird awakened him at 3 o'clock in the morning. He discovered that his house was on fire and barely had time to arouse his family and get them out before the building was completely wapped in flames.

—The Ohio Senate last week passed the Poorman bill, increasing the liquor tax to $250 straight. Heretofore the tax has been $100 for wine and beer, and $200 for wine, beer, and liquor. The State will receive one-fifth of this sum, or nearly $500,000, placing its financial condition on a better footing.

—The practice of burying the dead with the head toward the west is of Christian origin. The rising of the sun in the east was believed to be the sign that the second appearance of Christ will be in that direction, and that those who arise from their graves will face Him. The custom is not followed as rigidly as heretofore.

—Because his country sweetheart jilted him, and to spite her, John Sayers, a young moider, of Springfield, Ohio, married Sadie Shane about a week ago. Monday of last week, in fit of despondency over his action, Sayers took a dose of strychnine to end his life. Emetics prevented immediate death, but he is in a precarious condition.

—In Nebraska, where glandered horses are exterminated by order of the authorities, the State pays the owner for the value of the animal. It is said quite a profitable business is carried on by parties who take over the State line lots of diseased horses from Dakota, Iowa, and other localities for the purpose of receiving the bounty.

—A large mad tiger-cat, frothing at the mouth, entered the cafe of the Central Hotel, New York, a few days ago, terribly frightening the ladies present by its loud yells and its springing about the tables. Charles Craig, proprietor of the hotel, was severely bitten and his face and hands torn by the crazy beast, which finally escaped.

—S. M. Bishop, widely known as "the fattest man in the world," died at Petersburg, Va., last week, of intermittent fever. He was twenty-five years old and weighed 550 pounds. He was born in Prince George county, this State, and had been on exibition ever since he was an infant. When a mere youth he tipped the beam at 300 pounds.

—At a leap year party near Bonnersville, Dak., a young lady proposed to the gentleman she had escorted, and, on being accepted, produced a minister and the ceremony was performed over the pair. The bride intended the affair only as a huge joke, but the groom didn't, and has called upon the Court to decide on the legality of the wedding.

—Twenty-three hundred men who went to work in the rolling mills at South Chicago on February 6th, after an enforced illeness of three months, will be out of employment again April 1st, it having been announced that the mills will shut down on that date. The cause is said to be overproduction, and it is thought work will not be resumed before July 1st.

—Another "prophet" has arisen. His name is Horace Johnson, and he lives at Middle Haddam, Conn. Two months ago he predicted a beard-plucking blizzard between March 12 and 15. Elated at the outcome of his first essay in reading the meteorological riddles of the future he has predicted that a severe storm will strike the Eastern States between April 7 and 15.

—Gypsy, a female elephant, 13 years of age, belonging to W. H. Harris, a showman, died last week in winter quarters, at 223 Robey street, Chicago. She had a friend, an elk, which died the week before, and since then the elephant declined. At 11 o'clock Gypsy turned over and died. She and the elk had been together for two years and seemed to be much attached to each other.

—Father Cummisky, one of the oldest priests in the Scranton diocese and for twenty years pastor of St. Edward's Church, Hazelton, is out in a bitter card against the leaders of the strike in the Lehigh coal region. He denounces them as loud-mouthed demagogues, who have brought untold misery upon the poor people of the Lehigh region. The priest warns his people against them in the future.

—In a consignment of eggs just received at Pittsburgh from Carmichael's, Green county, one bore the following inscription in lead pencil: "Ellen Anderson, age fifteen years and six months on March 15, 1888, height 4½ feet, complexion fair, hair brown, large eyes, weight 102 pounds, will receive sealed proposals of marriage until she reaches the age of sixteen, but reserves the right to reject all proposals."

—A boy fifteen years old and a girl only thirteen recently ran away from home, and were married at Rome, Ga., by a clergyman. The father of the girl had the bridegroom arrested on a charge of abduction, but the boy gave bonds and was released. The irate father then turned his attention upon the clergyman who married the youthful pair, and it is understood that the reverend gentleman will have the law administered to him without mercy.

—A young man of Jackson, Mich., called upon his lady love a few nights ago and she met him at the door. By some means, not explained, while in the hallway she found that his breath smelled strongly of whiskey. She led him to the door, and, with more of sorrow than of anger in her voice, she said: "Joe, this county has voted on the prohibition question, and now I'm going to vote. I vote no! Now don't come back until you have got around on the side of the majority." He got out.

—John Fishtorn, of Miami county, Ind., is one of the peculiar characters of the Hoosier State. He is known as "Lawsuit John," and was at one time a wealthy farmer. He gets his name from the fact anywhere from one to a dozen suits are brought against him at each term of court. On one page of the Clerk's register appear 30 names of suits for various causes, and out of the lot 14 are against John. In the last two years there were against him 11 civil cases—eight of them satisfied, with three still pending; State cases—four satisfied, three standing.

GO TO GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S,

No. 113 Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.,

FOR BRUSSELS, VELVET, WOOL AND RAG CARPET, LINOLEUM, LACE CURTAINS, RUGS AND STAIR PADS. HEADQUARTERS FOR DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

—The press upon which Benjamin Franklin worked in London, in 1725, is preserved in the Patent Office at Washington. It is a clumsy structure, almost entirely of wood, known as the Ramage press, of which many were still in use more than a century later. Iron was subsequently used for some of the parts until the beginning of the present century. Printing machinery, now brought to such a high degree of perfection, was a half century ago not much ahead of Franklin's time.

—The Interior Department officials have disposed of a pension claim that has for years been a veritable cause celebre. It was the claim of Cypbert P. Gillette, of What Cheer, Keokuk county, Iowa, for total blindness. It had been pending since 1873, and had been repeatedly rejected by different Pension Commissioners. It finally came up on an appeal before Assistant Secretary Hawkins, who decided in Gillette's favor. The amount which Mr. Gillette will receive is about $16,000 in arrears, as well as a monthly pension in future of $72. This is said to be the largest sum ever paid to a private soldier as a pension.

—The telegraph people in Southern Mexico are complaining bitterly of the conduct of the monkeys along their lines. They are very numerous, and their favorite diversion is to climb the telegraph poles and go through gymnastic exercises on the wires. Linemen assert that often 100 able-bodied monkeys may be seen swinging on the wires, festooned, monkey fashion, by looping their tails. The continuous vibration of these forest gymnasts start the iron nails used on the cross-arms and these often come down, bringing the wire with them. Their multitude is so great that it is useless to shoot them, as others quickly supply the places of those killed.

—A special from Cincinati says that last Saturday, at Findley, O., Hudson Chaplen was arraigned on a charge of bigamy and pleaded guilty. A special grand jury will be impannelled to find a bill against him so that his case can be disposed of at this term of court. Following is a list of the women whom under various aliases Chaplin is charged with marrying: Miss Cora Carson, Greenville, Ind.; Miss Nillie Webster, living in a small village in Southern Illinois; Miss Clara Jones, Fresno, Cal.; Miss Carrie E. Blank, Osage, Ill.; Mrs. Snell, Bowling Green, Ky.; Mrs. Flora Dreyberger, Bowling Green, O. In addition he married a wealthy woman of Columbus, Ohio, and a planter's widow living in Baton Rouge, La. From most of these women he obtained sums of money ranging from one hundred and five hundred to three thousand dollars.

A Very Lively Deer.

PINE CREEK, Pa., March 19.—Hunters know that when a buck or deer is wounded and brought to bay it will turn on its pursuers and attack them furiously. William Lemar, of Tar Bridge, Sullivan county, had a novel and lively demonstration of that fact on Thursday. He was driving along the road a mile or so from Tar Bridge, when he saw a large buck standing to the right of the road, only a few feet from it. To his surprise it made no attempt to escape. Lemar drove on a short distance, and getting out of his sleigh walked back toward the deer. As he came near it he noticed that the hair on the buck's neck began to bristle up fiercely, and that it laid its ears back like a vicious horse. Lemar had had no experience with deer, and could not restrain his curiosity to have a closer inspection of this one, found under such extraordinary circumstances.

He had taken but a step or two further when tha deer suddenly sprang at him. Lemar retreated hurriedly to a large stump on the other side of the road, and, getting behind it, looked back. The deer was coming, and then Lemar discovered that one of its hind legs was broken, so that it dragged after the deer on the snow. In spite of its crippled condition, however, the deer pursued Lemar so rapidly that he was obliged to go round the stump to avoid it. He says that the ugly look in the buck's eye he never will forget.

At last he made a break from the stump and ran at the top of his speed toward his sleigh. He reached it safely, but, looking back, saw that the deer, in attempting to follow him, had broken through the crust of a snowbank, and was unable to extricate itself. Knowing that the poor animal would perish miserably in the snow if left to its fate, Lemar resolved to put it out on its misery if possible. He went back to where the buck was imprisoned in the snow, and, at the risk of injury to himself from the deer's antlers, with which it struck at him furiously, he managed to plunge his knife into the buck's throat. It bled to death from the wound.

Lemar pulled the dead animal out of the snow and took it with him to Tar Bridge. It was a very large buck, but much emaciated. It is supposed, from the appearance of the fracture, that the deer had been wandering about with the broken leg for about a week, and that it must have been broken while the deer was freeing itself after breaking through the crust in deep snow.

Medicinal Qualities of Onions.

The free use of onions for the table has always been considered by most people a healthy and desirable vegetable, and but for their odor, which is objectionable to many, they would be found more generally on our dining tables.

For a cold on the chest there in no better specific, for most persons, than well boiled or roasted onions. They may not agree with every one, but to persons with good digestion they will not only be found to be a most excellent remedy for a cough, and the clogging of the bronchial tubes which is usually the cause of the cough, but if eaten freely at the outset of the cold, they will usually break up what promised, from the severity of the attack, to have been a serious one.

A writer in one of our medical journals recently recommended the giving of young raw onions to children three or four times a week, and when they get too large and strong to be eaten raw, then boil and roast them, but not abandon their free use.

Another writer, advocating their use, says: During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year at least once a week. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description. Further, I challenge the medical fraternity or any mother to point out a place where children have died from diphtheria or scariatina anginosa, etc., where onions were freely used.—*Scientific American.*

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EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - MARCH 30, 1888.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Spring!

—The season for catching trout begins on the 15th of April.

—On Tuesday last Sheriff Gray took Stanley, the wife murderer, to the Penitentiary.

—Governor Beaver has issued his proclamation designating Friday, April 27th, as Arbor Day.

—The public schools will be closed today (Friday), it being Good Friday and a legal holiday.

—Mrs. Charles Byrne, of Altoona, is visiting her father, Mr. John Bender, of the Cambria House.

—Last year $650,000 worth of potatoes were imported into this country from Scotland, and Germany.

—The Jewish Feast of the Passoverabt gan Monday evening at 6 o'clock and will continue o ('l.ht days.

—The coal shaft at Cresson is down to a depth of one hundred and forty feet, but have not yet reached the coal.

—Messrs. E. C. Parrish, Ex Sheriff Myers and John Lloyd started for Washington City on this (Thursday) morning.

—In another column, John A. Blair, assignee of Joseph Gutwald, advertises for sale a lot of valuable real estate.

—Mr. Justus Apel, on Tuesday last bought the Wm. H. Sechler property in the west ward, from A. W. Buck for $900.

—Charles Zimmerman, Sr., a well-known citizen of Johnstown, died at his home in that place on Friday last, aged 74 years.

—Mr. H. A. McPike, the senior editor of the Altoona *Times* spent a few hours among his many friends in this place on Saturday last.

—The Presidential election of the present year will be the centennial of Presidential elections, the first having taken place in 1788.

—Patrick Dunn, a well-known citizen of Ashville, where he kept hotel, died at his home in that place aged 56 years. He was unmarried.

—Mr. Julius Eger, of Summitville and Mr. Gotlieb Pfeister, of Cresson, two good friends of the *Freeman* dropped in to see us on Wednesday.

—See the advertisement of Mr. M. J. Waltz, of Chest Springs, in another column. He will sell a lot of personal property at public sale on Saturday, April 14th.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Lynch died at the residence of her son-in law, Hon. L. D. Woodruff, editor of the Johnstown *Democrat*, in Johnstown on Wednesday morning, aged 70 years.

—State Superintendent Higbee has called a convention of county, city and borough Superintendents of schools to meet at Harrisburg on Wednesday and Thursday, April 11 and 12.

—The following named persons can each obtain a letter by calling at the Ebensburg post office: Miss Emma Williams, Thos. W. Barnes. Persons applying for these letters will please state they were advertised.

—Mr. J. J. Wood, of Altoona, on Monday last at Hollidaysburg, obtained a judgment against the city of Altoona for the sum of $4,000 damages for injuries sustained by falling through a hole in a defective sidewalk.

—All competent judges of horse flesh agree that Daniel D., Jr., the handsome young Hambletonian stallion owned by Mr. J. B. Denny, of this place, comes as near being a perfect picture of a horse as can be found anywhere in the State.

—We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Headache, in Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison

—Judge Hunter, of Westmoreland county, has appointed Hon. Jacob Turney, J. A. Marchand, and James S. Moorhead, Esqs., a committee to formulate rules governing the granting of wholesale liquor licenses in that county, the committee to report by the 24th inst.

—Mrs. Mary Burke, widow of Mr. Edmund Burke, deceased, of Strongstown, Indiana county, Pa., grandmother of Mr. E. B. Creswell, of this place, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. T. Cresswell in that place on Tuesday last, aged ninety-two years.

—A. G. Shellenberger, a brakeman on he Pennsylvania railroad, was killed at South Fork about midnight on last Friday. The unfortunate man stepped in front of Fast Line east and was killed instantly, his head being crushed and one leg broken. His home was in Altoona.

—George Bowser, of Jackson township, had his nephew, William Bowser, arrested on Saturday last for felonious assault and battery. The old man wears a broken jaw which he alleges is the handiwork of his nephew, William. William was committed to answer at next June session.

—Mother Ligouri McCaffrey, directress at St. Xavier's academy, near Latrobe, died Monday Morning. Mother Ligouri, who had been directress of this noted institution for about thirty-five years, is the daughter of Dr. McCaffery, an aged man who still lives close by the academy

—Ex-County Commissioner Benson, of Todd township, had one of the largest sales in his section on Thursday last, hundreds of people being in attendance, and the articles disposed of bring fair prices. Over $2,000 was realized. In a week or two Mr. Benson will remove to Lilly, Cambria county, where we hope success may attend all his efforts.—*Huntingdon Globe*

—Judge W. J. Baer and A. J. Colborn, Esq., of Somerset, last Thursday made information before Justice L. M. Hicks, charging John D. Roddy, Esq., of Pittsburgh, with criminal libel. Warrants were issued and placed in the hands of Officer Gilbert, who left for Pittsburgh Friday morning. Mr. Roddy entered into a recognizance for his appearance at the May term of court to answer the charge.

—In its proper place in this issue of our paper will be found the announcement of Prof. Lewis Strayer as a candidate for Assembly. Mr. Strayer needs no introduction to the people of this county, as during the two terms he served as County Superintendent he proved to be an energetic and faithful official, and if nominated and elected to represent the people in the legislature, he would equally well take care of their interests.

—A disastrous freight wreck occurred at Barre Station, in Huntingdon county, on Thursday morning of last week, caused by the breaking of an axle of a freight car. In an instant after, fourteen cars were piled up in a heap, tearing away a portion of the station building. There were three persons in the building at the time all of whom made narrow escapes. Two tramps were killed and one injured so badly that he has since died. J. E. Newton, a brakeman, was so badly crushed about one knee that the injured leg had to be amputated.

A Communication from Gable & Co., to You.

We want every reader of this paper to visit our store soon and see our large stock of new, choice goods in all departments. We also want you to examine the quality of our goods and note the low prices at which we sell them. We draw the line on trashy goods (won't handle them) and give you the best possible value in the market for your money. We are a strictly one price store; no favoritism and no credit. We pay cash for the goods we buy and get the benefit of it; we get cash for the goods we sell and give you the benefit of it. We want you to see our new Dress Goods, 5c. to $1.25 per yard and our new Calicoes, Peicales, Ginghams, Satines, etc., 3 3-4c. to 37 1-2c. per yard. Embroideries, (our own importation) 1c. to $2.50 per yard and Stockings, Gloves, Table Linens, Curtain Laces, Ribbons, Notions, etc., etc. Visit our store.

Wm. F. Gable & Co., 1402 Eleventh Ave., Altoona, Penn'a.

—The body of James Carney, the boy who was drowned at Johnstown about ten weeks ago, was found in the Conemaugh near Lockport on Saturday last and brought to Johnstown for interment. The remains were in a fair state of preservation.

—Mr. Richard Owens, of Cambria township, had Daniel Carney, of the same township, arrested last week on a charge of assault and battery. The trouble grew out of passing through the fields of Mr. Owens, which during the winter when the roads were impassible, were used by the public, but when the snow left the fields bare, Mr. Owens objected to people passing through them. They will probably both be wiser after next court.

—The two associates judges of Huntingdon county who overruled the presidents judge in the matter of granting license, were hanged in effigy to a telegraph pole by the excited and disappointed friends of the applicants, with the following inscription pinned to the figures: "J. R. McCarthy, a violator of his oath and his conscience; a disgrace to our county, and a blot on humanity." "Tobias Foreman, a lying reproach to honor, honesty and law; a relic of chaos."

—The Auditor General has issued the following circular which is of interest to merchants: Retailers should remember that merchantile licenses are not transferable from one dealer to another, and parties going into business after the first of May, and who have not been rated by the mercantile appraiser, are required by law to pay a license at a rate of twenty dollars for the whole year, and any such persons who do not before or within one month after commencing business, take out such license, shall pay the full year at the rate of twenty dollars.

—On Monday last, at the meeting of the council for the borough of Ebensburg, the appointments for the ensuing year should have been made, as the terms of the present officials expire on the first Monday in April in accordance with a resolution passed by the council last spring. Heretofore the borough appointments have always been made by the Republicans, as the Democrats have never been able to elect more than three councilmen, and the Burgess as presiding officer has always cast the decisive vote when making appointments. The Democrats at the last meeting raised the question of the rignt of the Burgess to vote in making appointments, and by voting for two candidates prevented a tie vote. Steps have already been taken to test the matter in our courts and until then the present officials will have a rest. It will be a terrible calamity to this town when the g. o. p. cannot have things their own way.

—Mr. William Fagan and family, formerly of this place, but now residents of Johnstown, have been sorely afflicted for the past week and have the sympathy of the community. On Wednesday of last week their little daughter Cora, aged 8 years, 3 months and 21 days died from membraneous croup, and her remains were brought here for interment on Friday. On Saturday evening Rhoda, another daughter aged 5 years, 1 month and 1 day died from the same disease, and her remains were brought here for burial on Sunday. Mr. Fagan just returned home from the funeral, on Sunday evening, to his home in Johnstown in time to witness the dying agonies of his only remaining daughter, Emma, who died on Sunday evening aged 6 years, 3 months and 2 days. Her remains were brought to this place and interred alongside of her two sisters on Monday. Mr. Fagan has two children left, both boys, who are also sick, but we under stand they are improving and we hope they may be spared the afflicted parents.

—Congressman Scull has been notified by the Secretary of the Navy, that a vacancy exists in the United States Naval Academy, caused by the resignation of the cadet representing this Congressional District, and asking him to appoint another. Congressman Scull has had bad luck in selecting his cadets. Every two or three months he has a committee of wiseacres selecting a boy, who, in the opinion of the aforesaid wiseacres, will knock the persimmons at either West Point or Annapolis, and leave in the shade anything that has ever been heretofore known in the shape of a cadet. But for some reason Congressman Scull's cadets are not all wool and don't wear. It he would assume the responsibility of selecting a cadet himself, from either of the four counties in his district, who has not had the advantages of going to school all his life, but instead, has had plenty of hard knocks, following the plow, in the workshop or mines, he would in all probability get a cadet who could appreciate the appointment, have pluck enough to stick and who might, at some future time, be a credit to the Congressman and the district. If competive examinations had been in fashion forty or fifty years ago, Adam Badeau would not be now suing the estate of General Grant, and the present head of the army would never have been heard of. Competive examinations might be useful to the Republicans in this district in the selection of a candidate for congress but in the selection of cadets they are a failure.

Items from Lilly.

LILLY, Pa., Mar. 29, 1888.

ED. FREEMAN: Your columns being somewhat crowded last week, I thought to pen you some items which I hope may find room this week.

Last Saturday, March 24th, was pay day at the several mines in and around this locality.

Andrew Owens met with a few light bruises while mining coal at Wm. H. Piper & Co's No. 2 mines near Lillys.

Frederick Wheldon is wearing a sweet smile on his face these couple of days. Its a girl.

Mrs. Ehrenfeld, who was confined to her bed, is able to be about again.

Rev. Father Richard Brown is, we are glad to say, able to be about again after a long and painful illness.

The sisters of St. Joseph of this place are going to have an entertainment on April 2nd, 1888. The school children have very nearly all been furnished with tickets for sale, and it is hoped there will be a large audience.

Mrs. O'Keef is lying at the point of death at the home of her husband, Wm O'Keef of Benscreek, Portage township.

Peter Moyer, uncle of S. A., Patrick and Adam Moyer, is lying very low. What the cause of the sickness is we are unable to say, but presume it is from old age.

Mr. Bazil Bender, an old and respected citizen, is laid up with inflimatory rheumatism. It is hoped he may have a speedy recovery.

The mines are running about half time, but from what cause, we were unable to learn. I suppose the operators want to make another panic. X.

—On Tuesday, the train due here at noon, shortly after leaving Cresson was brought to a stop by the breaking of something about the engine, and another locomotive had to brought from Altoona, which delayed the arrival of the passengers and mails for a couple of hours.

Items from Carrolltown.

CARROLLTOWN, Mar. 28, 1888.

DEAR FREEMAN.—Since my last the weather has moderated and we are now going thorugh the various changes of spring. As all your readers know, March held its own.

Our town is alive with strangers wending their way to the new developments in Northern Cambria.

Hastings City is now laid out in lots which are awaiting purchasers at *fabulous* prices. The site of the city is as yet a wilderness of forest trees and underbrush, but we understand that Gen. Hastings, the proprietor, has hired quite a number of the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the U. S. to clear it free from stumps and bumps, and convert it into a blooming city of cottages and entwining roses which are intended for the homes of future happy families. So mote it be.

The road and all its constituent acquirements, such as coke ovens, buildings, etc., are progressing rapidly to their different terminations, and in a short time will be completed and the trafic for which it is intended will commence.

Business in our town is booming, all our merchants are busy dealing out goods to their customers which are many.

The new firm Eckenrode & Hopple have their store crowded with every variety of goods. All you want is to ask and you will receive at lowest prices.

C. A. Sharbaugh has opened his new clothing store and is slashing out goods at a fearful rate; but is still daily receiving new ones in their place.

The "Hotel Brunswick is booming. The Judge has painted, papered and refitted the house in the most approved modern style, his rooms are furnished with all the conveniences that the most fastidius guest would require, his bar is fitted up with elegance and taste. He has ordered all of the best and most palatable drinks that the thirsty would or could wish. The Brunswick will be one of the popular hotels in Northern Cambria, and is now as cozy a house has can be met with in this section. The tasteful arrangement of the bar is due to the energy of his son George, who presides over that department.

Geo. Krook, one of Carroll township's best citizens met with a distressing accident last week, while engaged in felling trees, one lodged against another and in felling the other the first one flew up, the butt end striking him in the face, mashing it fearfully, but under the careful treatment of Dr. Sloan he is slowly recovering.

Mr. A. H. Haag, notice of whose illness we before made mention, is still in a dangerous condition, at present writing he is said to be slightly better.

The new bank building is now assured as the ground is surveyed, agreement made and contract given. It will be on Buck's Corner, and will be built by Buck Bro.'s, builders.

To-day our town is crowded with strangers, Messrs. Hastings, Spangler, Mitchel, Monroe, accompanied by their solicitor M. D. Kittell, Esq., and other axillieries are here on business, pertaining to new developments under way.

Mr. C. A. Farabaugh has secured the services of Anthony Sager, of Johnstown as brewer of the Carrolltown Brewery, and the beer proves good and gives satisfaction.

Our genial butcher, Mr. B. Carl, will furnish us with toothsome Easter beef and all the small meats as side dishes.

I hope the readers of the FREEMAN will excuse this unsystematic scrawl. I remain yours. AMICUS.

Licenses.

On Monday last court met for the purpose of disposing of the applications for license that were held over last week.

The licenses of D. C. Burk and Max. Stehle, of Gallitzin, Thomas Keelan, of South Fork, Catharine Ream, of Grubbtown and James Laing, of Lloydsville, were granted.

The licenses of Charles N. Crouse, of South Fork and George W. Penrod, of Grubbtown, were refused.

Arnold Lentz and Schettig & Snyder, of Gallitzin, withdrew their petitions

At Gable & Co.'s Store, Altoona.

Among the many departments we make mention.

Dress Goods.	White Goods.
Silks.	Shawls.
Corsets.	Muslin Underwear.
Gloves.	Umbrellas.
Flannels.	Gent's Furnishings.
Muslins.	Hosiery.
Sheetings.	Laces.
Underwear.	Lace Caps.
Books.	Ribbons.
Table Linen.	Embroideries.
Towels.	Calicoes.
Scrim	Satines.
Curtain Laces.	Notions.
Cassimeres.	Dress Trimmings.

I Have

not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bled almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston *Budget*. I procured a bottle, and since the first days' use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston *Budget*, formerly with the Boston *Journal*.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

Baby Bunting Again.

One of the greatest literary hits of the season is the story of "Baby Bunting; or, the Alphabet of Love," by Laura Jean Libbey, which is at present being published in the columns of the New York *Family Story Paper*. The paper containing the opening chapters of this wonderfully popular romance appeared on the news stands this morning. The tremendous rush for that number by the young ladies of the town shows clearly that the publishers have a bonanza. The *Family Story Paper* is for sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent to any address four months, postage free, for $1.00. Norman L. Munro, Publisher, 24 and 26 Vandewater Street, New York.

School Report.

Average

Teachers.	Room.	Enrolled. Boys.	Enrolled. Girls.	Enrolled. Total.	Average attendance. Boys.	Average attendance. Girls.	Average attendance. Total.	Visits.
Allie Lloyd	1	31	31	62	27	25	52	
Effie Myers	2	22	18	40	10	15	24	
Annie Jones	3	22	16	38	18	14	32	
CyrusShepherd	4	17	18	35	13	16	29	
A. R. Read	5	16	7	23	14	6	20	
Totals	5	108	90	198	91	76	167	

Class leaders—Room No. 5—A class, Bert Davis; B class, Katie McBreen.

Room No. 4—A class; Madge Dick; B class; Mary McBreen.

Room No. 3—A class, Lizzie Nipple; B class, Sadie Nipple.

Room No. 2—A class, Adie Jones; B class, John Ritter.

Room No. 1—A class, Fannie Kerr; B class, Rhode Ritter; C class, Waldo Strayer.

Pupils perfect in attendance—Room No. 5—Bert Davis, Leonard Jones, Robert Davison, Sherman Mason, Olin Barker, Morris Mason, Katie McBreen, Annie Maloney.

Room No. 4—Della Folsom, Emma Davisson, Morgan Hughes, James Dick, Ed. Luther, Stanton Davis, Ray Jones.

Room No. 3—John Thomas, Fred Jones, Christie Strayer, Amos James, Morgan Evans, Frank Evans, Lizzie Nipple, Gertie Bower, Mary Langbein, Maud Richardson, Sadie Nipple, Gertie Crouse.

Room No. 2—Calvin Port, Charley Evans, Herchell Evans, Ellie Davis, Wellington Evans, John Ritter, Nelson Brown, Peter Ludwig, May Davis, Ada Jones, Mary Nipple, Katie Dow, Stella Creery, Myrtle James.

Room No. 1—Charlie Sechler, Willie Peach, Robbie Boisinger, Harbie Evans, Rhode Ritter, Edson Hill, Walter Jones, Elmer Davis, Harry Bennett, Waldo Strayer, Leo Luttringer, Frank Blair, Jimmie Peach, Fannie Kerr, Sydney Kerr, Bessie Evans, Annie Owens, Bessie James, Florence Evans, Ethel Shields, Annie Brown, Mattie Esterline.

School Report.

ST. BONIFACE, Mar. 22, 1888.

The following is the report of school No. 3 in Elder township for the fifth month ending March 23. Number of pupils enrolled during month, 35; average attendance, 29; per cent of attendance of males, 94, females, 98. Twelve pupils were perfect in attendance duri month. IDA J. GRIMES, Teacher.

An Imitation.

Elsewhere in this paper will be found a new advertisement of Gable & Co., the large Dry Goods House of Altoona, Pa. They write you to visit their store and we believe it will pay you to do so, for its a reliable firm and a safe place to buy, for they are a strictly one-price store. It is a pleasant trip to Altoona and Gable & Co.'s trade extends over a dozen counties in Central Pennsylvania.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, Mar. 21st, 1888:

Evanuel Miller, Pine township, Indiana Co., Pa., and Mary Myers, Cherry Hill township, Indiana Co., Pa.

Joseph Kukley, Johnstown and Mary Jones, East Liberty, Pa.

George B. McC. Kuhn and Sadie Jackson, Rende township.

William F. Bovard, West Newton, Westmoreland Co., Pa., and Elizabeth Kirschner, Ebensburg, Pa.

Sylvester Strayer and Ann Blough, Johnstown, Pa.

George L. Fredericks, Ebensburg, Pa., and Lizzie A. Hughes, Cambria township.

Charles V. Bowers, Johnstown, and Kate Sipes, Martinsburg, Pa.

August Corlsom and Annie Persson, Gallitzin.

Married.

BOVARD.—KIRSCHNER.—Married at the residence of the brides parents in Ebensburg on Tuesday, March 27th, 1888, by Rev. B. A. Bower, Mr. William F. Bovard, of West Newton, Pa., and Miss Lizzie Kirschner, of Ebensburg.

ARGUMENT LIST.

ARGUMENT COURT, April 2, 1888.

McCullough ..... vs. Ivory.
Wills ..... vs. Meredith.
McCloskey ..... vs. Gillespie.
Heims ..... vs. Bader.
Garman ..... vs. Notley.
Carney ..... vs. McWade, et. al.
Heims ..... vs. Notley.
Hanan ..... vs. Myers.
Rule on John B. Murphy, assignee
Rule on Darwin Jones & Co., assignee.
Exceptions to report of T. F. Zimmerman, Auditor, Keim asst.
Brindle ..... vs. Scese.
Road in Clearfield twp., and exceptions.
Exceptions to Cambria Alley in Johnstown.
Peters et. al ..... vs. O'Connor, assignee.
Bush ..... vs. Stoltz.
Lamburn ..... vs. Gallagher.
Road in Clearfield twp. and exceptions.
Road in Whitney twp. and exceptions.
Rule on Geo. W. Stutzman, assignee of Cook et. al.
Hopping ..... vs. Boland.
Miller ..... vs. Jenkins.
Haws ..... vs. Haws.
Boring ..... vs. Boring.
O'Connor ..... vs. Hinkins et. al.
Storm ..... vs. Dodson.
Same ..... vs. McMullen.
Same ..... vs. Mansfield.
Exceptions to road in Washington twp. from Biglin Bridge to school house.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Proth'y.
Proth'y Office, Ebensburg, Mar. 19, 1888.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT WITH THE SUPERVISORS OF CHEST TOWNSHIP FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 12, 1888.

CHARLES GILL, SUPERVISOR, DR.

To am't of duplicate	$191 26
Due township from last year	28 59
By taxes transferred	14 52
Received from Jacob Warner	10 50
For use of scoop	1 00
Order to balance account	114 16
	$359 93

CR.

By am't of work done on roads	$271 48
Personal services 47½ days @ $1.50	71 25
Paid for plank	6 50
Paid for plow points	1 75
Paid for repairing tools, etc.	1 65
Lands returned	2 30
Exonerations	5 00
	$359 93

JACOB WARNER, SUPERAISOR, DR.

To am't of duplicate	$236 64
Cash from last year	139 38
Order to balance account	1 58
	$377 60

CR.

By am't o' work on roads	$250 54
Paid Charles Gill	10 80
Taxes transferred	14 52
Paid for plank and dynamite, etc.	12 26
Orders redeemed	29 50
Lands returned	5 03
Exonerations	1 70
Personal services 35½ days @ $1.50	53 62
	$377 60

LIABILITIES.

Outstanding orders	$
John G. Gill for blacksmithing	3 25
John Wedimyer for auditing accounts	1 50
Henry Leiden	1 50
Jacob Warner for personal services	1 58
Joseph Hipps for services as clerk	7 50
Charles Gill for personal service and work done	114 16
	$129 49

We, the undersigned auditors of Chest township do certify that the forgoing is a true and correct statement.

JOHN NEDIMYER, HENRY LEIDEN, } Auditors.
Attest, JOSEPH HIPPS, Clerk.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., to me directed I will expose to public sale at the Court House in Ebensburg, Pa., on

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, '88
AT 1 O'CLOCK P. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

All those two certain lots of ground situate in the West Ward of the borough of Ebensburg, Cambria county, Pa., fronting 32 feet on High street on the north and running back 264 feet along Mary Ann street on the east to Lloyd street, along Lloyd street on the south, and adjoining lot of Richard Tudor on the west, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, a frame stable, a wagon shed and all necessary outbuildings.

Also, all that certain lot of ground situate in the West Ward of said borough of Ebensburg, fronting 26 feet on Ogle street on the north and running back 264 feet along Mary Ann street to Triumph street and adjoining lot No. 2 on the west, known on the plan of said borough as lot No. 1 in square 87, having a two-story frame house, a stable and outbuildings thereon erected.

Also, all those two certain lots of ground situate in the West Ward of said borough of Ebensburg, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on Ogle street, thence by said street, west 222 feet to a post, thence by lot No. 4, south 254 feet to a post, thence by Triumph street, east 132 feet to a post, thence by lot No. 1, north 264 feet to the place of beginning and being known on the plan of the borough of Ebensburg as lots Nos. 2 and 3 on square 87, having a building used as a slaughter house thereon erected.

Also, all that certain lot of ground situate in the West Ward of said borough of Ebensburg, bounded and discribed as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on the south along the east side of Spruce Alley 13 perches to a post, thence east along the north side of Triumph street 4 perches to a post, thence north along the adjoinor lot 16 perches to a post, thence west along the south side of Ogle street 4 perches to the place of beginning, being known as lot No. 4 on square No. 87, having an ice house thereon erected.

Also, all that piece, parcel or lot of ground situate in the township of Cambria, in said county of Cambria described as follows: Beginning at a post, thence north 31½ perches to a post, thence east 81 perches to a post, thence south 31½ perches to a post, thence west 81 perches to the place of beginning, adjoining land of Thomas Griffith, heirs of David H. Roberts, deceased, John Williams, Abel Lloyd and others, containing 15 acres and 32 perches.

Also, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in said township of Cambria, adjoining lands of John Wilman, Hamford, Good, William S. Lloyd and Griffith J. Jones, containing 114 acres, more or less.

Also, all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the township of Carroll, in said county of Cambria, bounded and described as follows, viz: Beginning at a post on the Ebensburg road, thence by land of heirs of John Bennett north 88½ degrees, west 114 perches to a post, thence by land formerly of Peter Huber, north 131 perches to a post, thence by land formerly of Emanuel Dishart north 83 degrees, east 150 perches to a post on the Ebensburg road, thence along said road south 12 degrees, west 72 perches to a post, thence south 12 degrees, west 40 perches to a post, thence south 9 degrees, west 44 perches to the place of beginning, containing 120 acres and 72 perches, strict measure, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, a frame barn and outbuildings. There is a good orchard on the premises. This farm is situate about three miles from Carrolltown on the old road from Ebensburg to Carrolltown.

Terms.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid at the time of the sale, the balance of one-third at the confirmation of the sale, and one-third in six months, the remainder in twelve months from confirmation of the sale.

JOHN A. BLAIR,
Assignee of Joseph Gutwald
Ebensburg, March 20, 1888.—3t.

Assignee's Sale
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

By virtue of orders of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, there will be exposed to public sale on the premises, in Ramey township, at Shirley, Station on the Cresson & Clearfield Rail Road, Cambria county, Pa., on

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, '88
AT 2 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following described real estate, and designated by the numbers heretofore mentioned on plan of lots laid out by Joseph Van Ormer in the

TOWN OF CORA.

Lot No. 21 and 22, each fronting 50 feet on Main street and extending at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 23 and 26 each fronting 50 feet on Main street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 27 and 28, each fronting 50 feet on Walnut street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 42 and 43, each fronting 50 feet on Walnut street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 44, each fronting 50 feet on Walnut street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 63 and 64, each fronting 50 feet on Coal street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 66 and 67, each fronting 50 feet on Coal street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 81 and 82, each fronting 50 feet on Wood street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

Lots No. 85 and 86, each fronting 50 feet on Walnut street and extending back at right angles 150 feet to an alley, having thereon erected a frame dwelling house, stable and other outhouses.

The above are very desirable properties, well drained, close to Shirley Station on the Cresson & Clearfield Rail Road, also on the road from Coalport to Altoona, and near the road from Flske to Glasgow in the very centre of coal, coke and lumber industries; coal mines are being opened within a short distance from the town.

A new school house is in the town and it is the only good site for a town for miles on the Cresson & Clearfield Rail Road, good water, well and open springs.

TERMS OF SALE: Two per cent. of purchase money at the time the property is sold, the balance of one third of purchase money on confirmation of the sale, and the balance in two equal annual payments thereafter, with interest, to be secured by bond or mortgage executed by the purchaser.

A. L. MORROW,
Assignee of Frederick Jaekel.
Hollidaysburg, March 23, 1888.

STATEMENT OF THE SETTLEMENT WITH THE SUPERVISORS OF WHITE TWP. FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 12, 1888.

LUKE DURBIN, SUPERVISOR, DR.

To am't of work duplicate	$ 80 05
To order for plank for Frugality bridge	28 00
To order in favor of A. H. Fisk & Co. for dynamite	24 32
To order in favor of D. J. Dietrich for scoop	7 00
To order on County Com's to bal. acct	34 25
	$173 62

CR.

By work done on roads by taxables	$ 80 05
By plank	28 00
By dynamite used on roads	24 32
By scoop	7 00
By oath of office	25
By orders used on Frugality bridge	25
By 22½ days services as sup'r @ $1.50	33 75
	$173 62

CHRIST NOEL, SUPERVISOR, DR.

To am't of work duplicate	$ 486 60
To order on County Com's to bal. acct	80 00
	$566 60

CR.

By work done by taxables	$257 50
By lands returned	8 68
By old orders on supervisors paid	80 81
By exonerations	1 99
By oath of office	25
By 78¼ days service as sup'r @ $1.50	117 37
	$566 60

We, the undersigned auditors of White township do certify that we have examined the accounts of said township and find them as above stated.

C. J. DUNCAN,
JOHN H. FISKE,
ADAM ESCH, } Auditors.
Attest, S. J. LUTHER, Clerk
White Twp., Mar. 20, 1888.

POLITICAL.

FOR SHERIFF.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Sheriff, subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

C. A. LANGBEIN.
Ebensburg, Pa., Feb. 24, 1888.

FOR SHERIFF.

John J. Kinney, of Tunnelhill borough at the coming Democratic primary election. Your support respectfully solicited.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce the name of W. D. McClelland, of Johnstown, as a candidate for Sheriff subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

FOR POOR DIRECTOR.—

We are authorized to announce the name of John F. Long, of Cambria township as a candidate for Poor Director, subject to the decision of the next Democratic primary election.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Assembly subject to the Democratic primary election. LEWIS STRAYER.

PROPOSALS.—

Proposals will be received by Directors of Poor and House of Employment of Cambria county until Tuesday, April 24, 1888, for building an annex to the Almshouse for an infirmary. Specifications can be seen at the Almshouse.

BY THE DIRECTORS OF POOR.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—

Notice is hereby given that John C. Noel and wife have assigned all the estate, both real and personal of the said John C. Noel to me in trust for the benefit of his creditors. All persons indebted to the said John C. Noel are hereby notified to make payment to me without delay, and those having claims against him will present them properly authenticated for settlement to

JOSEPH MILLER, Assignee.
Wilmore, Pa., Mar. 23, 1888.—6t.

NOTICE.—

The Union County Mutual Live Stock Insurance Company of Mifflinburg, Pa., has left the accounts of those indebted to them in Cambria county with me for collection. All those knowing themselves indebted will please call promptly and settle their respective assessments and save costs. G. W. EASLY,
108 Franklin St., Johnstown, Pa.

NOTICE.—

Notice is hereby given that I have placed in the possession of my son, Michael Donaho, of Washington township, during my pleasure, the following named items of personal property, viz: One cooking stove and utensils, one bedstead and bedding for two beds, one clock, one dozen chairs, eight chairs, one hatchet and one tub, and all persons are cautioned not to interfere or meddle with the same. MICHAEL DONAHO.
Washington twp., Mar. 23, 1888.—3t.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—

Letters of administration on the estate of Edward Lynch, late deceased, of Summerhill township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES GALLAGHER, Adm'r.
Summerhill Twp., March 28, 1888.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to make and report distribution of the amount of the real estate in the estate of Henry Krise, deceased, which has become due and payable by reason of the death of Margaret Krise, widow of said deceased, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on Friday, April 20, 1888, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of attending to duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested shall attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, March 30, 1888.—3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—

The undersigned auditor appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to distribute the fund in the hands of John C. Gates, assignee of Mathias Kessler, as shown by his account, to and among the persons legally entitled to the same, hereby gives notice that he will sit at his office in the borough of Ebensburg, Pa., on Saturday, March 31st, 1888, at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, at which time and place all persons interested shall attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

JOHN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, March 16, 1888. 3t.

PUBLIC SALE.

The subscriber will sell at his residence in Chest Springs, Cambria county, on Saturday, April 14th, 1888, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following personal property to wit: One 9 year-old mare, 1 yearling colt, 1 cow, a lot of young cattle, 1 treadpower threshing machine, 1 mowing machine, 1 buggy rake, 1 one-horse power lied cutter, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 two-horse spring wagon, 1 covered top spring wagon.

Terms will be made known on day of salewhen a reasonable credit will be given.

M. J. WALTZ.
Chest Springs, Mar. 27, 1888.

NOTICE.—

To the heirs and legal Representatives of John Rose, deceased:

Take notice that an inquest will be held at the late residence of John Rose, deceased, in the township of Lower Yoder, in the county of Cambria, on Thursday, April 26th, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon of that day, for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased to and among his heirs and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling of the whole; otherwise, to value and appraise the same according law, at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

JOS. A. GRAY, Sheriff
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, Mar. 23, 1888.—6t

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF ROAD DEPARTMENT OF DEAN TOWNSHIP FOR YEAR ENDING MARCH 20 1888.

FRANK SCOTT, SUPERVISOR, DR.

Whole am't of duplicate	$ 135 89
Cash received on duplicate	40 49
Work done by taxables	95 40
Received of County Treasurer	231 80

Seven Years in One Room.

Efforts of the City Council of Los Angeles recently to have removed a little old house which stands on the city's lot on Fort street have brought to light a strange story in connection with its occupant, a widow, known as Mrs. Jennie Leyes. A dozen years ago Mrs. Leyes and her husband came to Los Angeles from the East and took up their residence in the house in question. Mr. Lyes was in consumption, and after a long battle with the disease died some seven years ago. Just before his death he called his wife to his bedside and told her he was confident he would return to her and give her information about the "spirit land" that would prove of great benefit to the whole world. A few minutes after this statement he died. After a good deal of trouble Mrs. Leyes's friends succeeded in getting her to bed in another room. Next morning she seemed to be in better spirits, and when her friend asked her why she was so cheerful she said her husband had appeared to her during the night and told her that she must shut herself up in the room in which he had died and neither leave it nor see any one for eight years. He told that at the end of that time she would be given second sight, and that she would be able to materialize in broad daylight in any room or even out in the street. Mrs. Leyes believed that what her husband told her, or what she dreamed, would actually occur, so she went into the room and has not been out of it since. She is fed and waited on through a blind door by an old lady who has stood guard over her for seven long years. So far as can be learned no one has ever caught sight of her during all those years, and what business she has had to transact has been through the blind door or a broken window. Several attempts have been made to get her out of the room, but all have failed. A few years ago a gentleman who took deep interest in the matter applied on the court for a writ of habeas corpus, but when the Judge learned his object, and was told that the poor woman was confined at her own pleasure, he refused to issue the writ, and the woman has not been disturbed until now.

Feed or Breed.

It is a very popular subject just now for discussion whether feed or breed is paramount in the productive value of an animal, more especially in regard to the yield of butter. One enthusiastic believer in breed asks why any ordinary cow cannot be made to give two pounds of butter a day as a purebred Jersey does. Any one can ask questions which will puzzle a wise man to answer. But this question is no puzzle, and would be harder to answer if it were true that a Jersey cow as a rule gave two pounds of butter a day. So far, there are about 40 of these aristocrats among, perhaps, 40,000 Jersey cows in the country, all pure bred, but not all recorded. But what of the others? It has been said that the average yield of the 39,960 plebeian Jerseys is about three pounds per week. How much does breed for these? On the other hand, native "scrub" cows have been known that, owning nothing to breed at all, have just doubled their yield of butter when fed as well as a Jersey cow usually is, and it is these native cows which have made the dairy so profitable as it is. Also, one might ask, was it breed or feed that made a noted Jersey cow die of milk fever after having been fed daily a bushel of crushed oats and 12 pounds of corn-meal and bran, besides other feed, to force her to give three pounds of butter a day? Perhaps it may be said most truly, that if our native cows had been fed and cultivated with as much care as the Jerseys have been, they might have outdone them in regard to their product. As it is, they have an excellent record, not in any book, but in the enormous aggregate yield of milk, cheese, and butter which has made dairying the most prosperous branch of farming.

The Right Hand.

An anatomist told me the other day that I could not tell which was my right hand. I immediately held out my right hand. But he objected. He said he did not say that I could not tell which was my right hand—that is, that I could not describe it in words, so that one who never heard of the distinction we make between the right hand and the left would be able to find it. I thought that would be easy enough also, until I thought it over, and then I had to give it up; for on the outside of a perfectly formed human being there was no thing to distinguish the right hand from the left, and no one can describe it in words so that an ignorant person can find it. If people were ampidextrous and were not taught from their childhood to use one of their hands more than the other it would be impossible for them to which was which. I often think of this when I hear any one say of some one whom he wishes to stigmatize as a fool that "he can't tell his right hand from his left."

A Curious Incident.

A curious incident occurred a day or two ago at the residence of John Dickinson, West Goshen. A man employed by Mr. D. was engaged in cutting wood and had raised the axe to strike a blow. While the implement was in the air a sparrow flew between it and the log and alighted on the latter just as the axe descended. The consequence was that before the man could stop the blow the bird was cut in twain by the sharp edge. Whether the sparrow was attracted by the shining of the axe, or a worm in the wood, the man was not prepared to say.

A Cold

of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics, threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Warner, 165 Hudson St., Rochester, N. Y.

Catarrh.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y.

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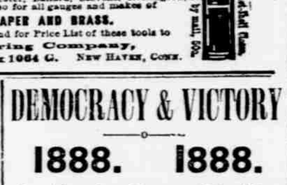

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Sailing Among Glaciers.

We had already sailed past several glaciers larger than the Mer-de-Glace, of Mont Blanc, but they were so far away that we got no adequate idea of their extent. Nor did any of them push their way into the sea. This glacier, to which our boat was now pointed, came down into deep water, and stretched back into the mountains until its course was lost in fields of snow. As the steamer checked her speed to keep at a safe distance from the monster, we found that we had sailed up point blank against the vertical wall of blue ice a mile and a half long, and 300 feet high above water. As if to illustrate the grand scale and magnitude of everything, just as our boat rounded to, a chip of ice, safely estimated to weigh 1500 tons broke off from the face of the glacier and fell a distance of 100 feet into the sea. Of course there followed a mighty uproar, and then a wave that rocked our steamer as do only the big swells from the Pacific. As the tide was ebbing, the mass that had just fallen into the water floated out past the boat, forming a field of broken ice several acres in extent.

The upper surface of the glacier was full of deep fissures, and at the water-level there were mysterious caves which no one dared explore. Pieces of ice, large and small, were constantly dropping into the sea; and, as the ice-wall acted as a sounding-board, there were constant volleys of sound as sharp as that of musketry or artillery—demonstrating to our satisfaction that the butt-end of a glacier, where icebergs are made, is a very noisy place.

Passengers were landed on shore; and after a climb along the side moraine to a height of some 500 feet, a few of us found ourselves at a point where we could overlook the stream of ice and get an idea of its deep fissures and impassable condition. High as we were there were yet peaks of ice between us and the water that were still above us, and we could only see a fraction of a mile inland. Everything was on a scale that could only be realized by the test of climbing. Alongside the glacier, in mid-channel, there were seventy-five fathoms of water; and as the steamer approached shore to land us, the leadsman reported no bottom at twelve fathoms.

Only last year did the boat make its first trip to this glacier. Farther up the bay four or five other glaciers come down from the Fairweather group of mountains, but very little is known about them. We only caught an occasional glimpse of the glaciers, and saw that but a small part of the floating ice in the bay came from the immense reservoir of ice that we had visited.

Boring for Water and Finding Silver.

About two months ago the contractors, in boring an artesian well, at Carson, Nev., for Mrs. Lantry, the actress, near the foot of the mountain, where the North Carson mine is situated, came on a formation of rock which lay between the clay walls. The formation was so hard that the drill bounded up, and it required seven feet of drilling to penetrate and reach under the lay wall.

When the debris of the rock came out it attracted the attention of the borers. A few ounces of the rock were taken to the Bullion Exchange bank, where it was assayed. The assay was $510 a ton of silver ore. Since then experts have been making examinations, seeking to trace the ledge to its croppings and determine the character of the inclosing walls. Discoveries seem to show that the ledge runs through Mrs. Langtry's land. She bored for water and struck silver.

Curious Experience of Ducks.

A curious event occurred near the West Main street railroad crossing in Meriden, Conn., a few days ago. During the coldest weather a flock of ducks had strayed under the railroad from their home, and the owner tried to drive them back over the rails. Their feathers were wet, but they managed all right till the rails were reached. Here the difficulty occurred. The peculiar waddle of the ducks did not permit their getting over the rails without resting a portion of the wet feathers on the frosty iron. And when the feathers touched they froze fast. A knife was called for into requisition and a portion of the plumage of the ducks was left on the rails. It was a laughable sight to see the ducks frozen fast, pulling and twisting to go away.

It pays to be Genereous.

They tell down East of a poor fellow who possessed a remarkably fat hog, and who also owed a rich man. The hog was about all the property the poor debtor had worth levying on, and the law exempted a man's only pig. One day the debtor, meeting the creditor, said: You need another pig; let me send you a nice little one." The poor man was astonished. "Why, I owe you for the hog I've got now," he stammered. "Never mind; you need another one, and I'll send it," and he did, and the little pig was put in the pen by the side of the fat one. In less than an hour the constable came and attached the fat hog and took it away, and thus the rich man was satisfied.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of 10 years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Bellville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my 20 years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at the drug store of E. James, Ebensburg, or W. W. McAteer, Loretto.

A MINISTER of Kalamazoo, Mich., preached eight weeks and got thirty-three cents over and above his expenses for that period.

St. Augustine.

A Philadelphia *Ledger* correspondent writes from Florida: A short journey through the pine woods southward from Jacksonville to the sea coast took us to St. Augustine, the oldest town in this country, founded by the Spaniards under Menendez in 1565. It is located in a flat, sandy region where a little inlet from the sea comes in behind a long narrow island—called Anastasia Island—which makes a natural breakwater in front of the harbor. It was here that that sturdy old Spanish buccaneer, Juan Ponce de Leon is said to have landed when he came over to discover the "fountain of perpetual youth" in 1512, and named the country Florida. It is now a winter watering place where the population of about 1500 is swollen to 7000 or 8000 by Northern tourists. The streets are very narrow, some of them being only a few feet wide, and having balconies overhanging from the old houses. There are no sidewalks, for the street were used in former times only by pedestrians, and were paved with a curious stone formed of shells, called coquina that was quarried on the island and hardened when exposed to the air. The old houses were also built of this stone. Two or three streets running parallel with the shore crossed at right angles by a few others, and a wider street in front bordered by a sea wall, make up the town. At the northern end is Fort Marion, and at the southern end, about a mile distant, is the Government barracks, formerly a Spanish convent. When the Spaniards first landed they built a wooden fort, subsequently replaced by Fort San Marco, the present work, whose name was changed to Fort Marion, when the United States acquired Florida in 1821. It was sixty years in building, being completed in 1756, and is of coquina, covering about four acres, a bastioned work shaped like a trapezium, with moat and outworks and inclosing a parade ground some one hundred feet square, surrounded by large casements. An old Spanish inscription tells of its building, and in one of the casements is an ancient chapel, while others contain dungeons about which horrible tales are told. The outworks are partly ruined, though a few old cannon are still mounted upon them. The fort is not garrisoned and is gradually falling into decay. From this fort down to the barracks the protecting sea wall stretches, and behind it is the town, a mixture of ancient buildings and modern watering-place hotels, with orange groves and foliage inclosing them. A part of the old city wall, with the Spanish gateway, remmains, and also the quaint little cathedral, with its bells hung in niches in the belfry, and within the silver lamp that is kept constantly burning in commoration of an Indian religious custom. The Spanish Governor's palace has been modernized into a prosaic Post-office, while we gaze with awe upon the outside of the little square coquina building labled the "oldest house," which the proprietor tried to get us to look into, "price twenty-five cents," but in vain. The barracks, which is a reconstructed convent, are comfortable buildings, fronted by gardens of orange trees. In front of the center of the town is the plaza, with two monuments, one commemarating the Spanish Constitution, erected in 1812, and the other the Confederate dead. The latter, an attractive shaft contains an adaptation of Stonewall Jackson's last words: "They have crossed over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." The old "Slave Market," with its surmounting belfry, fronts on the plaza, a small and curious structure with a wooden roof. The most solemn relic of all, however, is in the cemetery adjoining the barracks, where a single shaft and three white pyramids tell the horrid tale of Major Dade's massacre during the Seminole War. That gallant officer, with 107 men, were ambushed and massacred in 1835 by 800 Indians, and their remains were afterwards brought here and interred.

A Hen Killed a Snake.

Jack Smith, of Exustis Lake, Fla., has a roan hen which possesses great ingenuity. The coop has a small sliding door, working like a guillotine. It is very heavy and during the daytime is held up by a peg. The other day the hen discovered a chicken snake lying in the coop, its head projecting about an inch beyond the line where the door would fall. Creeping quietly up the hen pulled out the peg, and down came the door, pinning the snake to the ground. She then picked its eyes out and killed it.

A Diminutive Infant.

The smallest baby in Connecticut is a York state youngster, born at Long Lake, in the Adirondacks. She is the child of David K. and Emily P. Mix, who are visiting in New Haven, and weighs two and a half pounds. She is well formed, sound of lung and appetite, is thirteen inches long, her wrist is seven-eighths of an inch in circumference, her hand is one inch and a quarter in circumference, and her foot is an inch and a quarter long. Her eyes are blue and her hair is thick and dark.

She Was Not Going to Be Left.

Wichita girls stand no fooling. One of them was to have been married a day or two since, and the girl was all ready, the minister on hand, and the feast was spread, but still no bridegroom. "I'll wait for him just ten minutes, and then I'm open to proposals." Ten minutes flew like the wind, and a little red-haired fellow, with a paper collar and his trousers frayed at the bottom, stepped up, proposed, was accepted, married, and scooped in the banquet.

Preserved Grape Communion Wine.

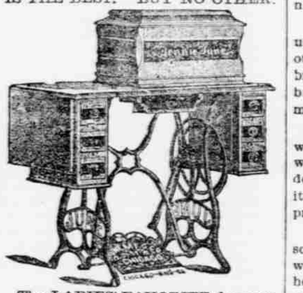
The grape crop of A. Speer's vineyards, in New Jersey, promises this year to be one-third more than any other previous year. His vineyards in New Jersey and the products from the grapes he purchases have enabled him to keep a stock four years ahead. His unfermented grape juice has become a popular evening wine among the best families in New York, and for communion purposes.

THE CHEWERS OF
OLD HONESTY TOBACCO
WILL SOON FIND THAT IT LASTS LONGER, TASTES SWEETER THAN OTHER TOBACCOS, AND WILL PLEASE YOU.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT, AND INSIST ON GETTING IT.
EVERY PLUG STAMPED LIKE ABOVE CUT.

CARRIAGES, WAGONS & SLEIGHS

Carriage Making in all its Branches.
Painting, Trimming
and REPAIRING of all kinds done on the SHORTEST NOTICE and the LOWEST PRICES. Also, Planing, Sawing and Wood Turning with improved machinery. Also, all kinds of heavy work done. Carriage smith shop connected
All parties trusting me with work will be honorably dealt with. All work warranted.
D. N. CHUTE.
Ebensburg, October 24, 1884.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT
—HIGH ARM—
"JENNIE JUNE"
SEWING MACHINE
IS THE BEST. BUY NO OTHER.



The LADIES' FAVORITE, because it is LIGHT RUNNING and does such beautiful work. Agents' Favorite, because it is a quick and easy seller.
AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JUNE MANUFACTURING CO
Cor. La Salle Avenue and Ontario Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED
To Solicit Orders for our Choice Nursery Stock
We have steady work for honest, sober, industrious men. Salary and Expenses, or Commission, if Preferred. We grow a full line of fruit and hardy ornamental stock, including the new and rare sorts. Everything first-class. Satisfaction Guaranteed to Customers and Agents. The business is easily and quickly learned. State age. Name this paper. Address, R. G. CHASE & CO.,
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NERVOUS DEBILITY PILLS.
A sure and safe specific for weakness and debility of the nervous system, and general exhaustion arising from youthful imprudence, excesses and overwork of body and brain, causing physical and mental weakness, loss of memory and sexual incapacity. CURES OLD and YOUNG. Price $1 per box. Prepared and for sale at Dr. Hobensack's Laboratory,
No. 206 N. 2d Street, Phila. Send for circular.

THE BEST WAY
To get a First-Class Watch is in our Co-Operative Clubs.
FINE WATCHES
AT THE LOWEST CASH PRICES
Only $1.00 a Week.

Thousands of the best $38.00 Gold Watch ever made are selling in our Co-operative Clubs.
This is the *Best, Cheapest, Most Convenient,* and *only* co-operative System of selling watches. The watches are American Lever Stem Winders, containing every essential to accuracy and durability, and have, in addition, numerous patented improvements found in no other watch. They are absolutely the only *Dust* and *Dampproof Movements* made in the World, and are jeweled throughout with *GENUINE RUBIES.* The *Patent Stem Wind and Set* is the strongest and simplest made. *They are fully equal for appearance, accuracy, durability and service, to any $75 Watch.* Our co-operative Club System brings them within the reach of every one.

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We refer to any Commercial Agency. AGENTS WANTED.
Clubs Constantly Forming. Join Now and Save Money.
WE HAVE AGENCIES IN EVERY LARGE CITY. WANT AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

All Sorts Paragraphs.

Wisely improving the present... ing the duplicate gift.

It takes a great deal of pluck to ... the feathers off a live goose.

A stable government should be ... that is ruled by horse sense.

1888 is but little over a fraction... time, anyhow—one and three eighths.

A young man intending "to press ... suit," first went and had his suit pressed.

There is a man in Audubon county, Ia., who bears the sulphuric title of John Hell.

Never go back on a friend whom you have always found worthy of your confidence.

Bismarck again calls for a big ... appropriation to maintain the peace of Europe.

The boy who has a female ... teacher knows all about missing switches.

Historian Bancroft is the only living person who has at all times freedom on the floor of the Senate.

A farmer says that "gate money" is that which is expended for the damage caused by Jim and Kate.

The production of pig iron in the Southern States in 1887 was 925,437 tons over the production of 1886.

It is strange! A woman who claims to have a mind of her own, takes every opportunity to give everybody a piece of it.

The women of Russia do all the harvesting. The grain is cut with sickles as it was 3,000 years ago, and is threshed with a flail.

It has been averred that a lady with a dimond ring will scratch her name on a given period four times as often as other women.

Laundrymen are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.

Many a promising career has been cut short by the walls of a penitentiary simply because it was deemed easier to raise checks than to raise corn.

"How do you define 'black as that?' said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

It is estimated that the Chinese merchants of New York pay the United States Government over $2,500,000 a year for duties on imported goods.

Snail dinners are becoming fashionable in Washington as well as in New York City. As a popular article of food the snail is advancing slowly, but surely, getting there.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Bated, of Hanover, Mass., were born on the same day and at the same hour, and will be ninety-two yearr of age. They have been married sixty-two years.

A young girl at Koekuk, Ia., fell off a bridge, and, being unable to rise immediately, her tongue froze to the railway, and remained in that condition until released by a passer-by.

Mrs. Maria Barton will not write any more books except for pleasure. Her claim to Mexican property worth $5,000,000 has just been decided in her favor after eighteen years of hard fighting.

Near Piscataquis, Me., a farmer went down a tree and hauled it home the other day. When he went to split it for fire-wood he was greatly surprised to find a big bear enjoying his winter nap inside the hollow log.

"What branches do you find most useful to your pupils?" asked a visitor of a professor at the University. "Any branch is good, but I find that no branches from the birch tree are the most useful of all."

An Albany man died a few days ago while shoveling snow from the sidewalk in front of his house. His next door neighbor, who left the snow by itself, remained in good health and was presented by his wife with twins.

Miss Minnie Freeman, the heroic school teacher of Myra Valle, Neb., who saved thirteen school children by her presence of mind in the recent "blizzard," has already been overwhelmed with offers of marriage.

Alexander Adair, of Collins, Wis., picked up a meteoric stone the size of a football near his home recently. His little daughter saw it fall, and the melted snow disclosed the place where it had struck the earth.

O'd Commodore Vanderbilt, being asked one day what he considered to be the secret of success in business, replied: "Secret? There's no secret about it. All you have to do is to attend to your business and go ahead."

A person cannot offer a greater insult to some of the farmers' wives than to insinuate they do not made good butter. Yet the amount of poor butter on the market extends into tons, and the number of poor buttermakers is legion.

A 9 year-old boy in a neighboring town in this county was thus addressed one day by his mother after some visitors had left the house: "Why, how well you behaved, my son, while the callers were in." Quoth the dutiful son: "I had to, mother. My trousers were ripped."

Jones—Hello, Bill! I hear you have a position with my friends, Skinner & Co.?

Bill—Oh, yes; I have a position as collector there.

Jones—That's first-rate. Who recommended you?

Bill—Oh, nobody. I told them that I once collected a bill from you, and they instantly gave me the place.

Burt was twelve years old. He came home from Sunday school one day, and said he had taught a class of little boys. "What possessed you to do such a thing?" asked his mother. "Oh, I got along first-rate. They began to giggle and I told them if they didn't quit it, I would lick every last one of them when Sunday school was out. The superintendent said it was the stillest class there was."

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Stillon's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Dr. T. J. Davison.